Pearls of American Poetry.

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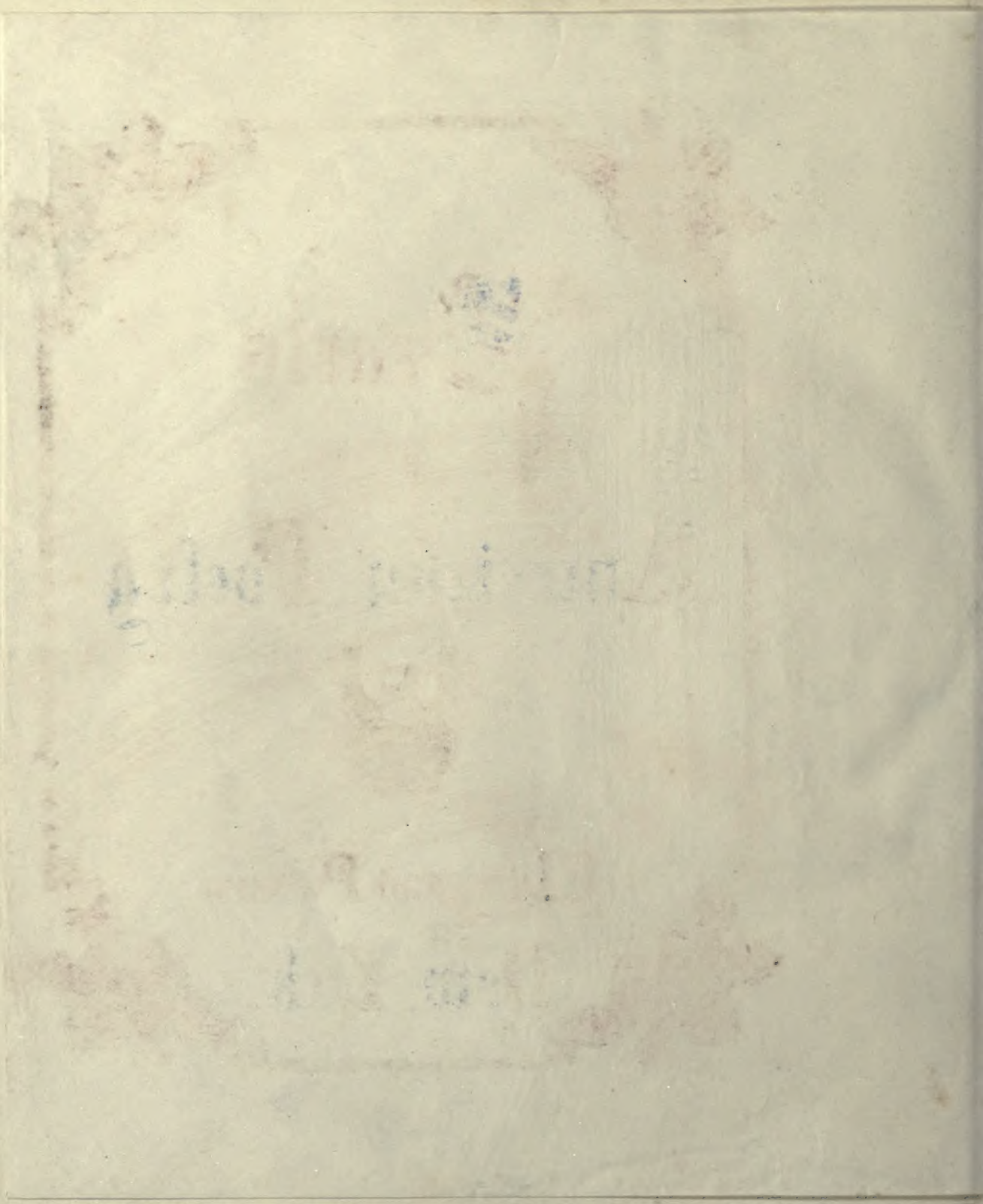
Chromolith. of Brett, Phil.a Brewer, fe.

LE.C
P3595

Pearls of American Poetry

Putnam
York.



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Pearls of American Poetry

Wiley and Putnam

New York.

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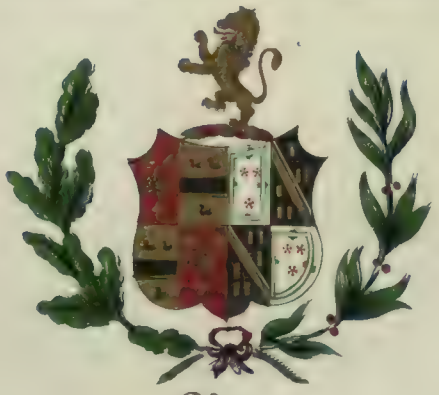
Lith. of A. Brett Phila.



To

James Thomson Esq.
of New York.

A lover of literature and the fine arts,
in token of esteem and respect, as well
as from a grateful recollection of many
kindnesses received, the following illu-
minated pages are inscribed by

his obliged and faithful servant
T W Gwilt Wapleson.

Chromo-lith. of J. P. ... 12, Bank St. Pl...

Excelsior.

The Longfellow

Chromolith of A. Brett, 12, Bank St. Phila.a

Lith. of A. Brett

Oh stay" the maiden said, "and rest
thy weary head upon this breast"!
a tear stood in his bright blue eye,
but still he answered with a sigh,

Excelsior!

Beware the pine tree's withered branch
Beware the awful avalanche,
this was the peasants last goodnight,
a voice replied far up the height,

Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
the pious monks of St Bernard
uttered the oft repeated prayer,
a voice cried thro' the startled air,

Excelsior!

A traveller by the faithful hound,
half buried in the snow was found,
still grasping in his hand of ice
that banner with the strange device,

Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray
lifeless but beautiful he lay,
and from the sky, serene and far,
a voice fell, like a falling star,

Excelsior!

Litho of A Brett Phe

Poe.
Halleck

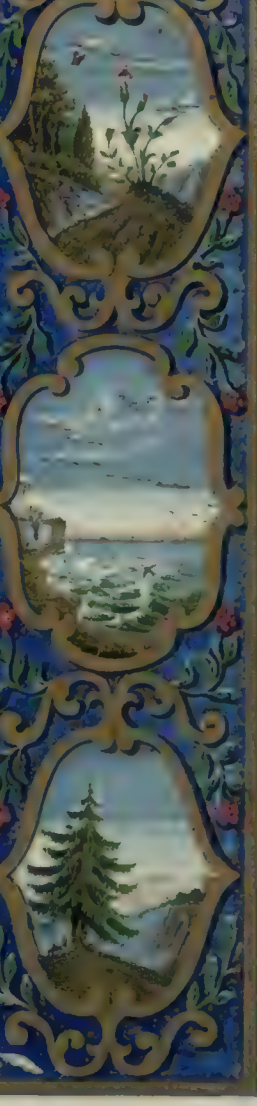
When the tree of love is budding first,
ere yet its leaves are green,
ere yet, by shower and sunbeam nurst
its infant life has been,
the wild bee's slightest touch might wring
the buds from off the tree,
as the gentle dip of the swallows wing
breaks the bubbles on the sea.

But when its open leaves have found
a home in the free air,
pluck them, and there remains a wound
that ever rankles there.
the blight of hope and happiness
is felt when fond ones part,
and the bitter tear that follows is
the lifeblood of the heart.

When the flame of love is kindled first,
'tis the fire fly's light at even,
'tis dim as the wandering stars that burst
in the blue of the summer heaven.
a breath can bid it burn no more,
or if at times, its beams
come on the memory, they pass o'er
like shadows in our dreams

But when that flame has blazed into
a being, and a power,
and smiled in scorn upon the dew
that fell in its first warm hour,
'tis the flame that curls round the martyrs head
whose task is to destroy,
'tis the lamp, on the altars of the dead,
whose light is not of joy!

Then crush, e'en in their hour of birth,
the infant buds of love,
and tread his growing fire to earth,
ere 'tis dark in clouds above,
cherish no more a cypress tree
to shade thy future years,
nor nurse a heartflame that may be
quenched only with thy tears.



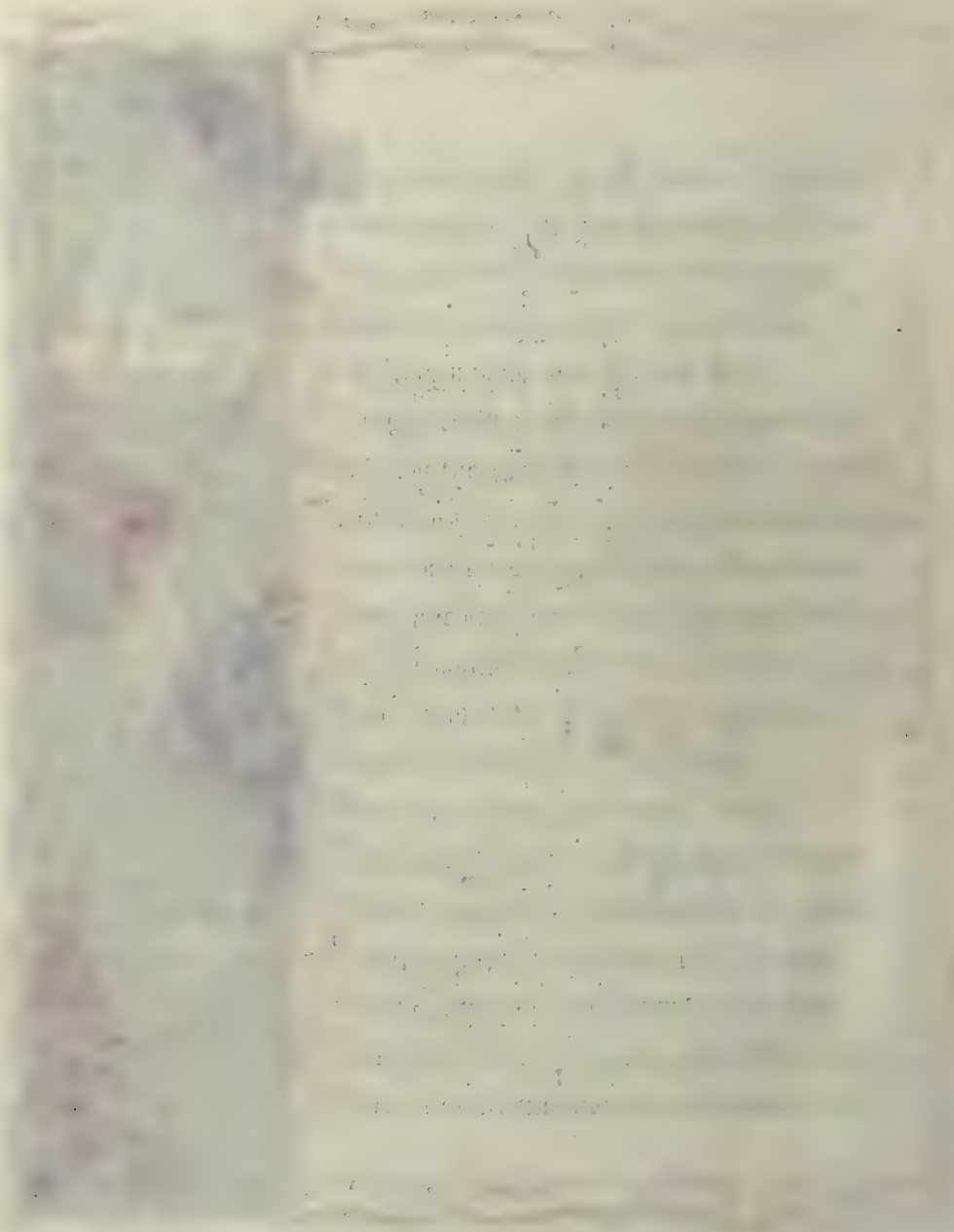
Lith of A.Brett Phia E.Robyn fct.

Lith. of A. Brett Agt. Phila

Now stretch your eye off shore, o'er waters made
To cleanse the air and bear the world's great trade,
To rise, and wet the mountains near the sun,
Then back into themselves in rivers run,
Fulfilling mighty uses far and wide,
Through earth, in air, or here, as ocean-tide.
Ho! how the giant heaves himself, and strains
And flings to break his strong and viewless chains,
Foams in his wrath, and at his prison doors,
Hark! hear him! how he beats and tugs and roars,
As if he would break forth again and sweep
Each living thing within his lowest deep.
Type of the Infinite! I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting place, or make
A shore beyond my vision, where they break,
But on my spirit stretches, till it's pain
To think, then rests, and then puts forth again.
Thou hold'st me by a spell, and on thy beach
I feel all soul, and thoughts unmeasured reach

A. Brett Ag't Phil.

E. Robyn fec.



Far back beyond all date. And, O! how old
Thou art to me. For countless years thou hast roll'd.
Before an ear did hear thee, thou didst mourn,
Prophet of sorrows, o'er a race unborn,
Waiting, thou mighty minister of death,
Lonely thy work, ere man had drawn his breath.
At last thou didst it well! The dread command
Came, and thou swept'st to death the breathing land;
And then once more, unto the silent heaven
Thy lone and melancholy voice was given.
And though the land is throng'd again, O Sea!
Strange sadness touches all that goes with thee.
The small bird's plaining note, the wild, sharp call,
Share thy own spirit: it is sadness all!
How dark and stern upon thy waves looks down
Yonder tall cliff-he with the iron crown.
And see! those sable pines along the steep
Are come to join thy requiem, gloomy deep!
Like stoled monks they stand and chant the dirge
Over the dead, with thy low beating surge.

Lines
Written in Spring Time
by
Charles Fenno Hoffman.

Thou wak'st again, oh Earth
From winter's sleep!—
Bursting with voice of mirth
From icy keep;
And laughing at the Sun,
Who hath their freedom won,
Thy waters leap!

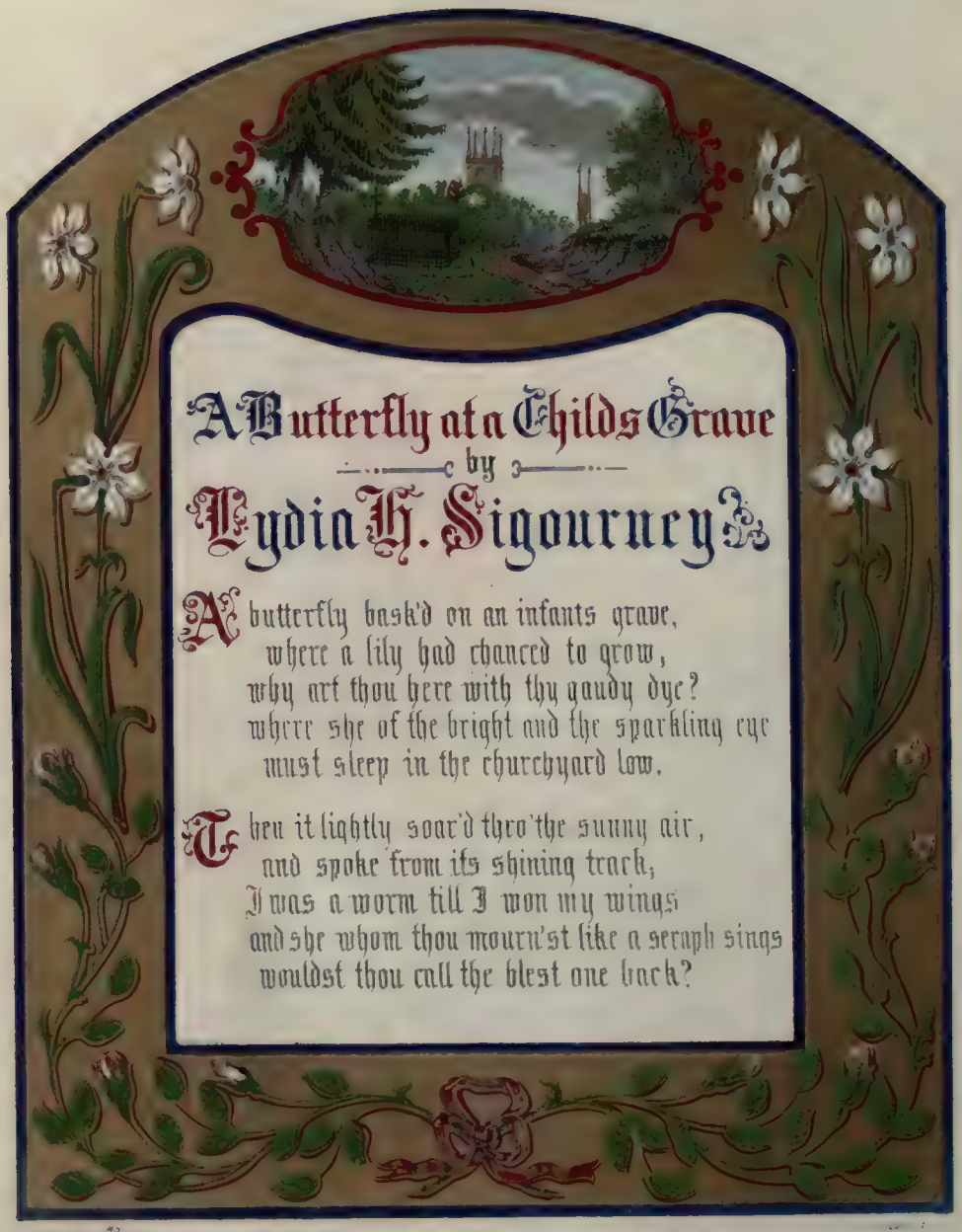
Thou wak'st again, oh Earth!
Freshly again,
And who by fireside hearth
Will now remain?
Come on the rosy hours—
Come on thy buds and flowers
As when in Eden's bowers
Spring first did reign.

Lith. of A Brett Ag't Phila

Birds on thy breeses chime,
Blithe as in that matin time,
Their choiring begun:
Earth, thou hast many a prime –
Man hath but one.

Thou wak'st again, O Earth!
Freshly and new,
As when at Spring's first birth
First flowerets grew
Heart that to Earth doth cling,
While boughs are blossoming
Why wake not too?
Long thou in sloth hast lain,
Listening to Love's soft strain –
Wilt thou sleep on?
Playing thou sluggard heart
In life no manly part
Though youth be gone.
Wake! tis Springs quick'ning breath
Now o'er thee blown;
Wake thee! and e'er in death
Pulseless thou slumbereth,
Pluck but from Glory's wreath
One leaf alone!

Lith of A. Brell Phil.ª



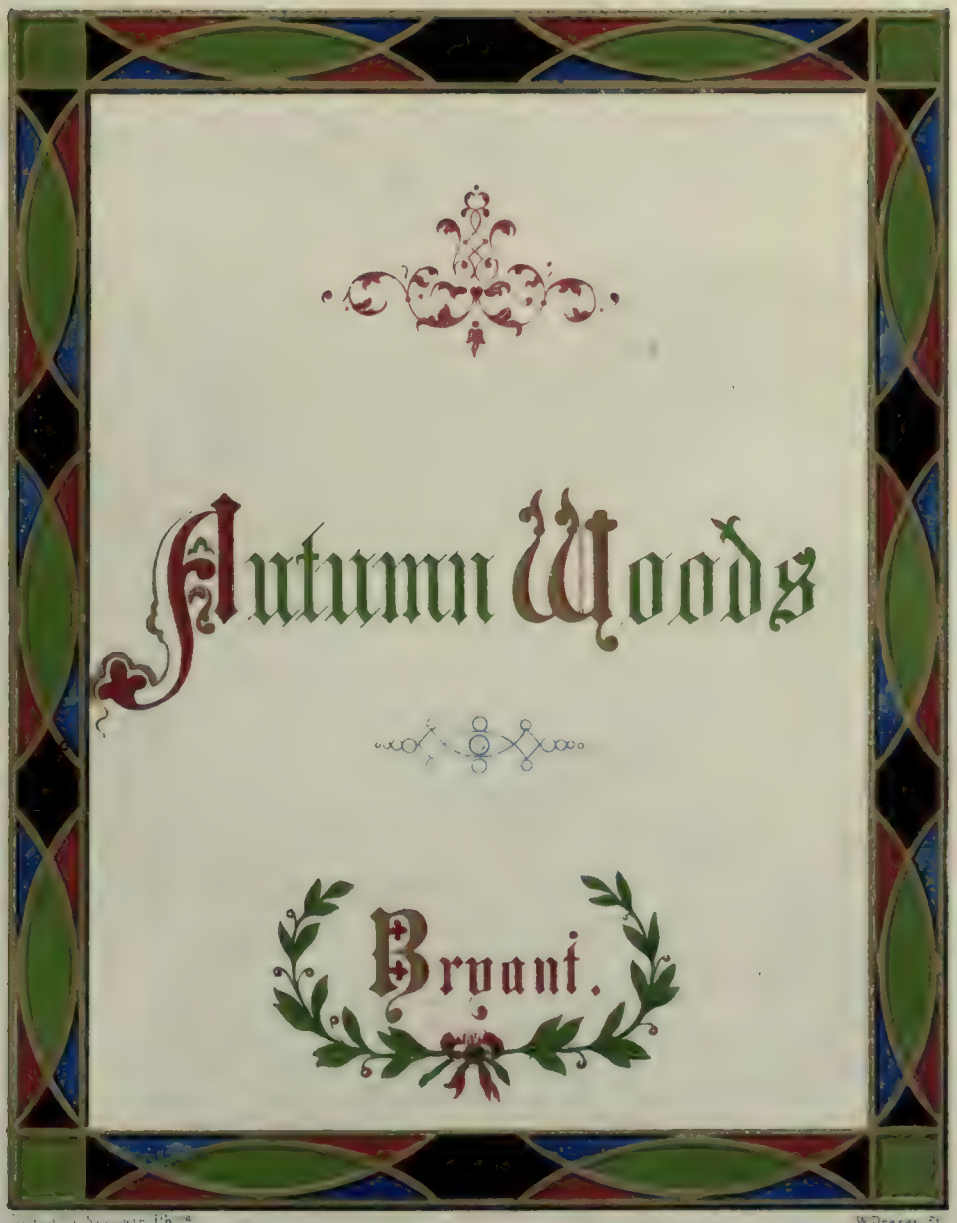
A Butterfly at a Childs Grave

by

Lydia H. Sigourney

A butterfly bask'd on an infants grave,
where a lily had chanced to grow,
why art thou here with thy gaudy dye?
where she of the bright and the sparkling eye
must sleep in the churchyard low.

Then it lightly soar'd thro'the sunny air,
and spoke from its shining track,
I was a worm till I won my wings
and she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sings
wouldst thou call the blest one back?


Autumn Woods
Bryant.

Ere, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold,
In their wide sweep, the colour'd landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

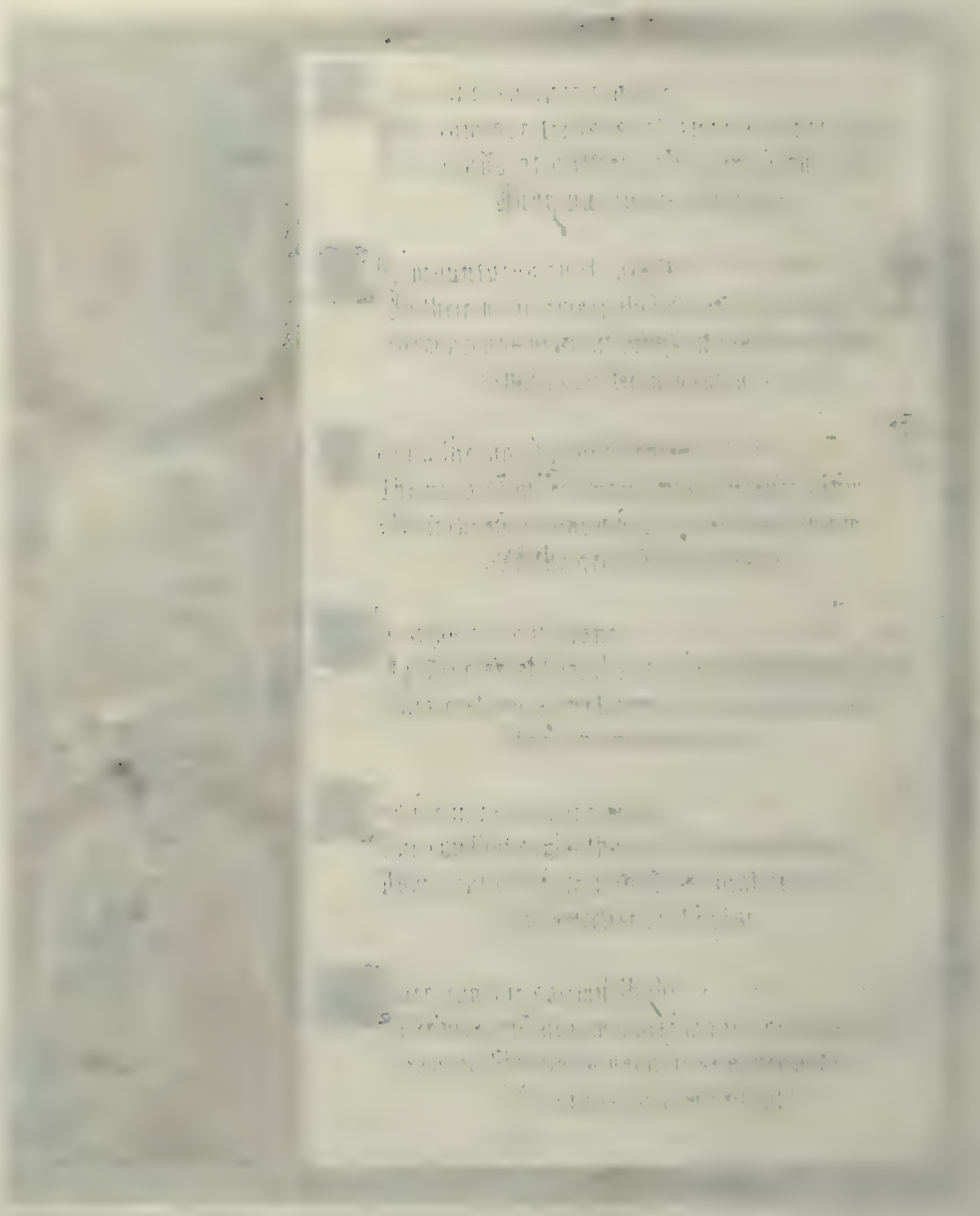
I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendours glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks, the sweet southwest, at play
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves, are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth its quiet smile,
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet;
So grateful, when the noon of summer made
The vallies sick with heat!

Lith of T. Sinclair, Phil.ª



Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays, the forest depths are bright;
Their sunny-color'd foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet late unseen,
Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of the, golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

But neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseat canopy
Her blush of maiden shame.

Oh, Autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad;
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad!

Oh, 'twere a lot too bless'd
For ever in thy colord shades to stray,
Amid the kisses of the soft southwest
To rove and dream for aye.

And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad; the tug for wealth and power
The passions and the cares that wither life
And waste its little hour.

Lith. of T. Sinclair, Phil.ª

W. Dreser, ft

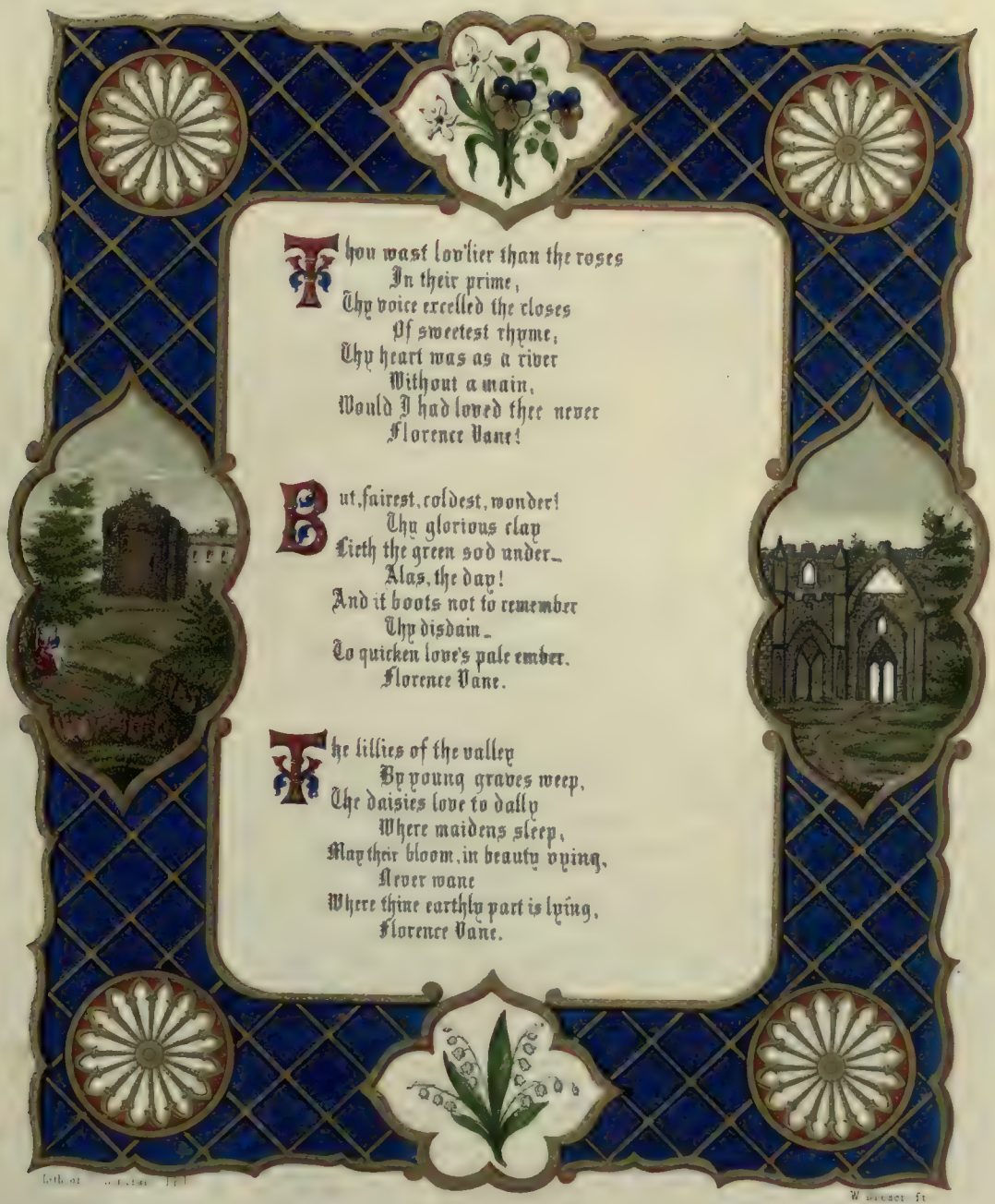
Florence Vane

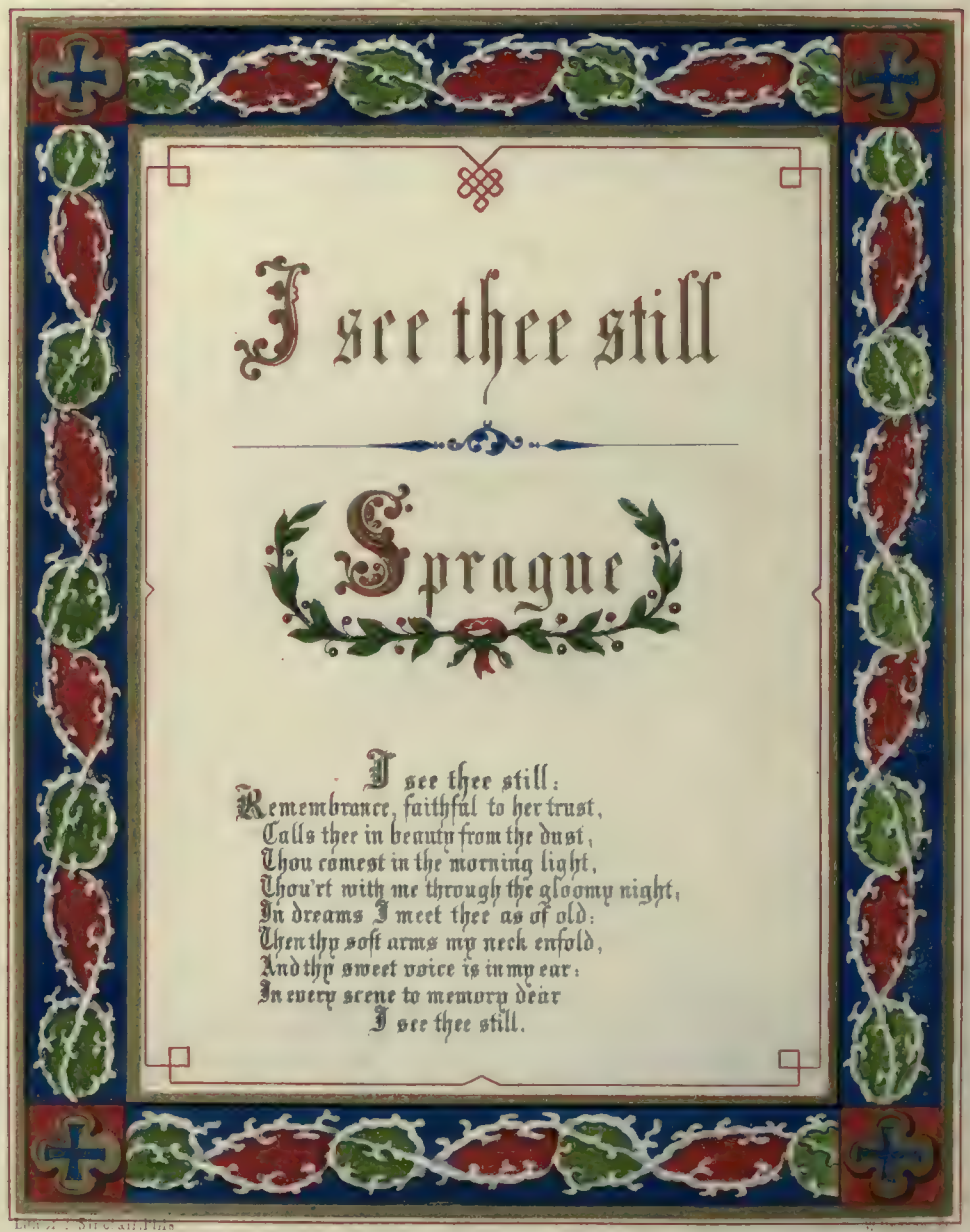
by

P P Cooke of Virginia.

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane,
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;
I renew, in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain,
My hopes, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told,—
That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.


Thou wast lov'lier than the roses
In their prime,
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main,
Would I had loved thee never
Florence Vane!
But, fairest, coldest, wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas, the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember.
Florence Vane.
The lillies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The daisies love to dally
Where maidens sleep,
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane.


I see thee still
Sprague
I see thee still:
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust;
Thou comest in the morning light,
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night,
In dreams I meet thee as of old:
Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear:
In every scene to memory dear
I see thee still.

I see thee still:
In every hallow'd token round,
This little ring thy finger bound,
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chain by thee was braided,
These flowers, all wither'd now, like thee,
Sweet sister, thou didst cull for me,
This book was thine, here didst thou read;
This picture, ah! yes, here, indeed,
I see thee still.

I see thee still:
Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
Here was thy favorite fireside seat;
This was thy chamber — here, each day,
I sat and watch'd thy sad decay;
Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie,
Here, on this pillow, thou didst die:
Dark hours! once more its woes unfold;
As then I saw thee, pale and cold,
I see thee still.

I see thee still:
Thou art not in the grave confined —
Death cannot claim the immortal mind,
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But goodness dies not in the dust;
Thee, O! my sister, 'tis not thee
Beneath the coffin's lid I see;
Thou to a fairer land art gone;
There, let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still.

Epithalamium.

by

J.G.C. Brainard

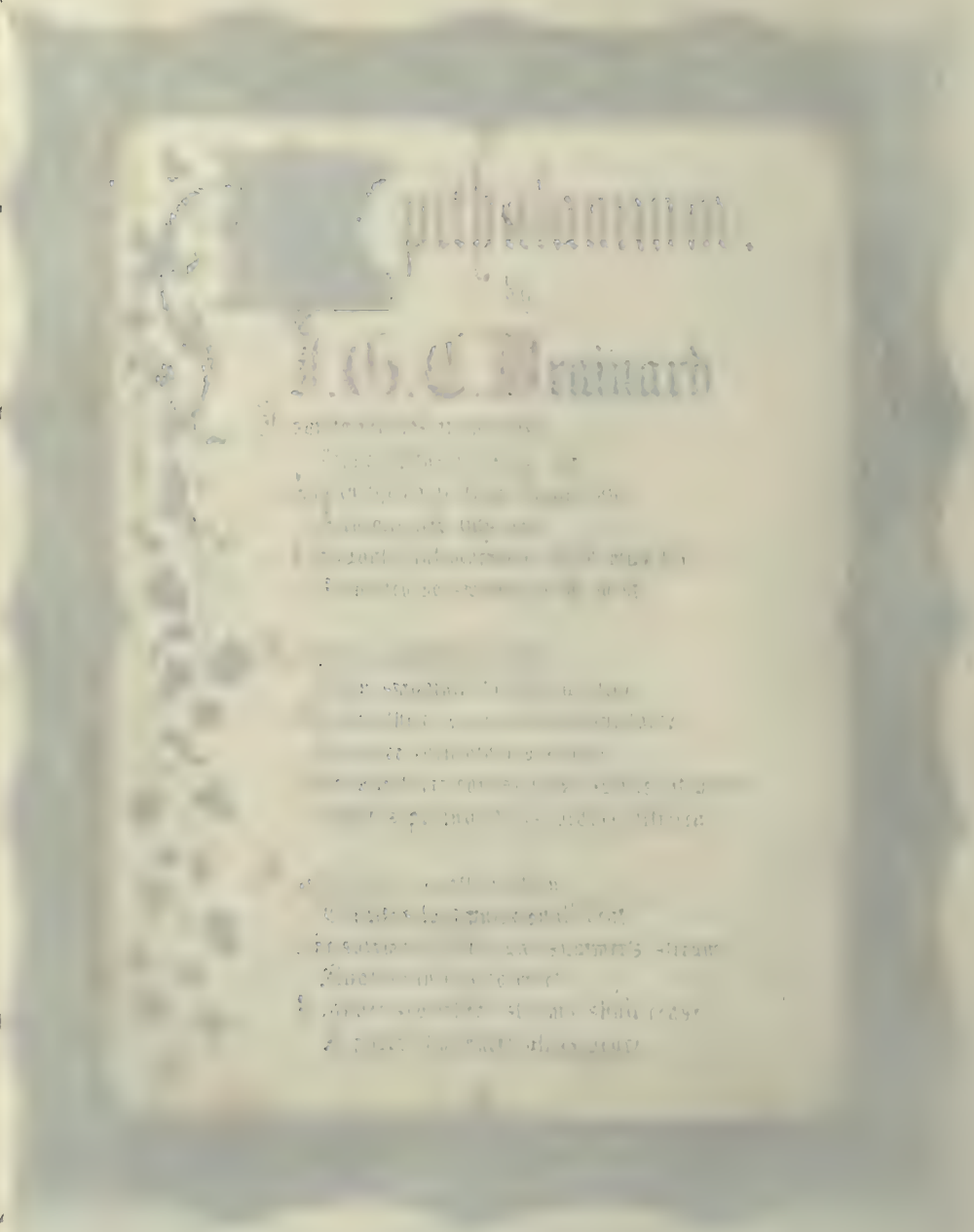
I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one.
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting.
And join their course, with silent force,
In peace each other greeting.
Calm was their course thro' banks of green
While dippling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion
Till life's last pulse shall beat,
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream
Float on in joy, to meet
A calmer sea where storms shall cease—
A purer sky where all is peace.

Lith. of T. Sinclair, Phil.ª

W. Dreser, ft

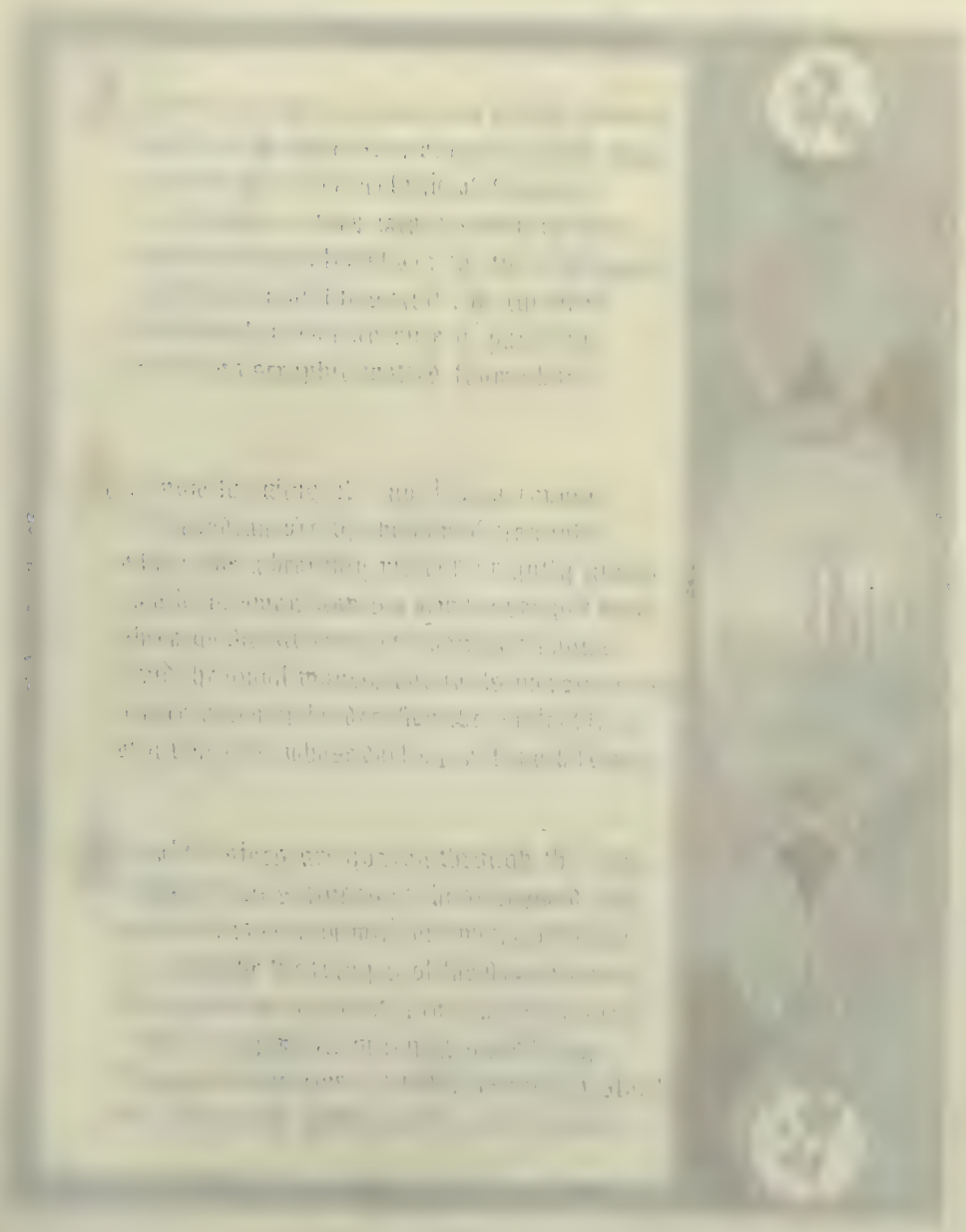


A
Summer Evening
Park Benjamin

See how the glories of the sinking day,
fade in a mellow richness from the west —
while the first star with newly-blossomed ray,
like a bright spirit seems awhile to rest
on yonder rose-cloud, e're it floats away,
to drink fresh pearl-drops from the oceans breast
diamond of Heaven! above the broad sun's glare,
thy smile is glistening beautifully fair!

The violet-colored atmosphere is rife,
with twice ten thousand perfumes, like a bee
whose odorous pinions bear away the life
of leaf and bud, and flower and incense tree
that mingle sweetly in a loving strife,
with the luxurious gales of Araby
and blissful thoughts upon the senses creep,
like soft delights on raptures bridal sleep.

Cold and delicious as the kissing stream
to the tired deer, when the far-dying strain
of hunters bugle makes his bright eye gleam,
or as the soothing of the tender rain,
to the parched earth, or as a morning dream
to one released from restlessness and pain,
or as the influence of a silent prayer,
steals the calm whisper of this Evening air!

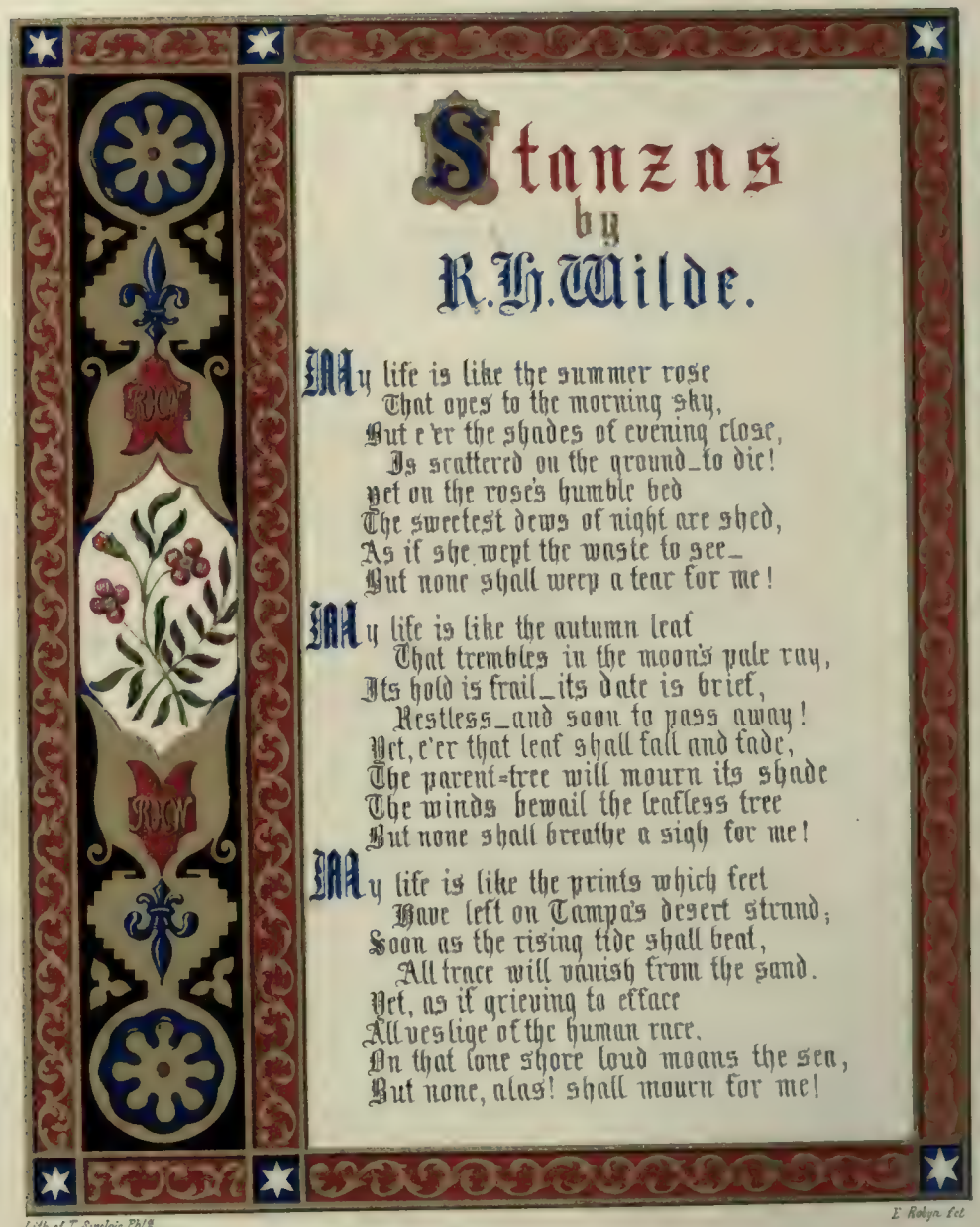


From the green forest aisles and woven bowers,
breathes the pure soul of music, richly clear,
such as a Peri from a cloud of flowers,
in floating ecstacy might stoop to hear—
strewing enchantment o'er the twilight hours,
and falling on the spirit like the dear
and beautiful remembrance of past love,
or strains seraphic wafted from above.

And now the wing of a most deep repose,
is brooding o'er the bosom of yon lake,
which like a heavenly mirror brightly glows
while the swan leaves a gem-bespangled wake,
sheen as the silvering of moonlight snows,
and the small waves, that on its margin break,
scarce murmur louder than the lightest tone
of a lone dove, whose darling mate hath flown.

But lo! the stars are gazing through the deep
mysterious softness of the shadowed sky,
and night is coming with her wand of sleep,
to smoothe the fringes of the drooping eye.
Thou glorious scene! still in my vision keep,
still let thy music murmur sweetly by,
till poised on plumes of fadeless night I stand
near the bright waters of the better land.

Lith of T. Sinclair, Phr.



Stanzas
by
R. H. Wilde.

My life is like the summer rose
That opes to the morning sky,
But e'er the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray,
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away!
Yet, e'er that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent-tree will mourn its shade
The winds bewail the leafless tree
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand.
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

Lith of T. Sinclair Phila

E. Robyn. Lel

The old Clock on the Stairs

by Henry W. Longfellow

Somewhat back from the village street
stands the old fashioned country seat.
Across its antique portico
tall poplar trees their shadows throw,
and from its station in the hall
an ancient timepiece says to all,—

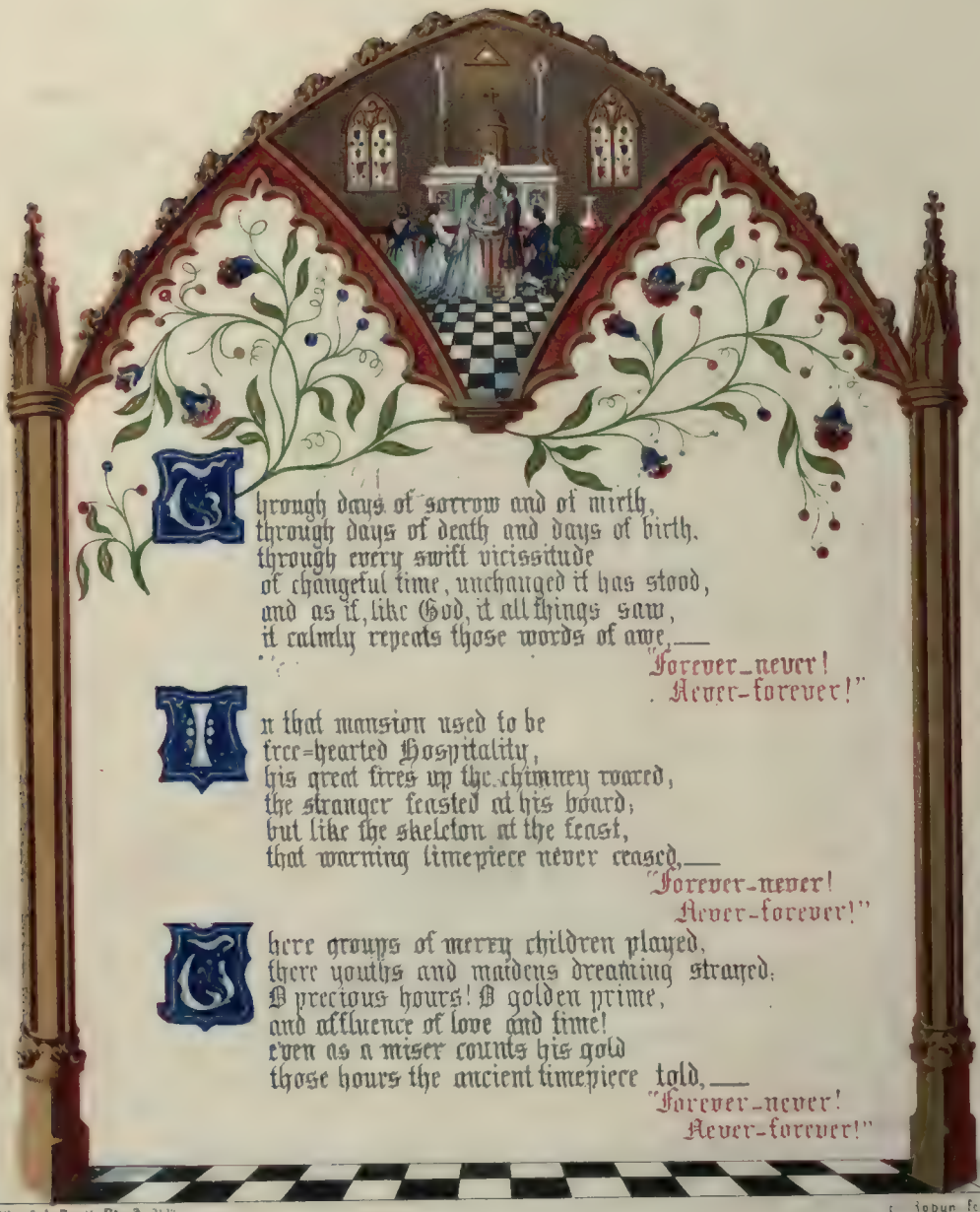
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Halfway up the stair it stands,
and points and beckons with its hands
from its case of massive oak,
like a monk, who, under his cloak,
crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
with sorrowful voice to all who pass,—

"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light,
but in the silent dead of night
distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
it echoes along the vacant hall,
along the ceiling, along the floor
and seems to say, at each chamber-door

"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"



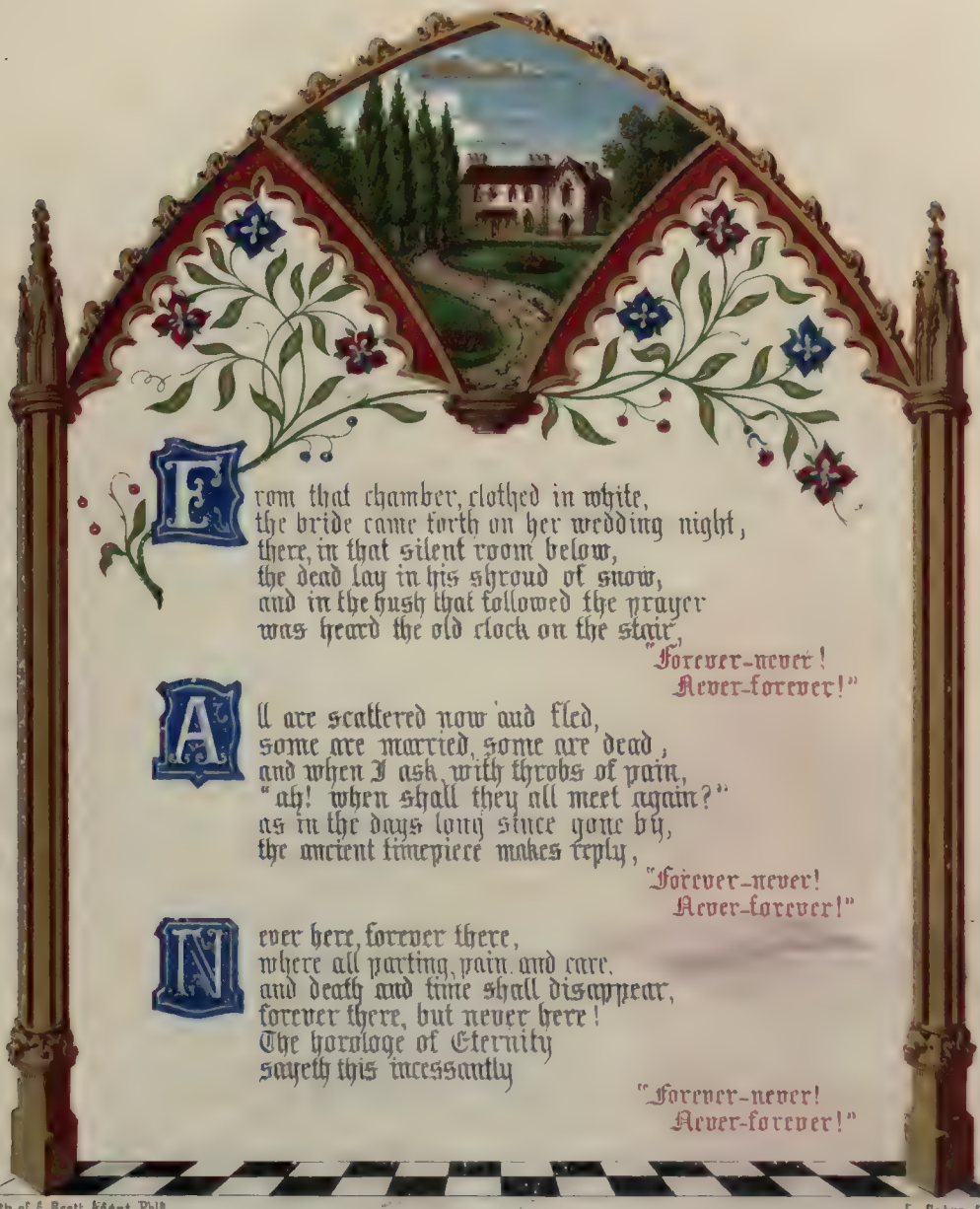
Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
through days of death and days of birth,
through every swift vicissitude
of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
and as if, like God, it all things saw,
it calmly repeats those words of awe,—
"Forever-never!
Never-forever!"

In that mansion used to be
free-hearted Hospitality,
his great fires up the chimney roared,
the stranger feasted at his board;
but like the skeleton at the feast,
that warning timepiece never ceased,—
"Forever-never!
Never-forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
there youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
and affluence of love and time!
even as a miser counts his gold
those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
"Forever-never!
Never-forever!"

Lith. of A. Brett Strand 2 Hl.

Lith. of A. B



From that chamber, clothed in white,
the bride came forth on her wedding night,
there, in that silent room below,
the dead lay in his shroud of snow,
and in the hush that followed the prayer
was heard the old clock on the stair,

"Forever-never!
Never-forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
some are married, some are dead,
and when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"ah! when shall they all meet again?"
as in the days long since gone by,
the ancient timepiece makes reply,

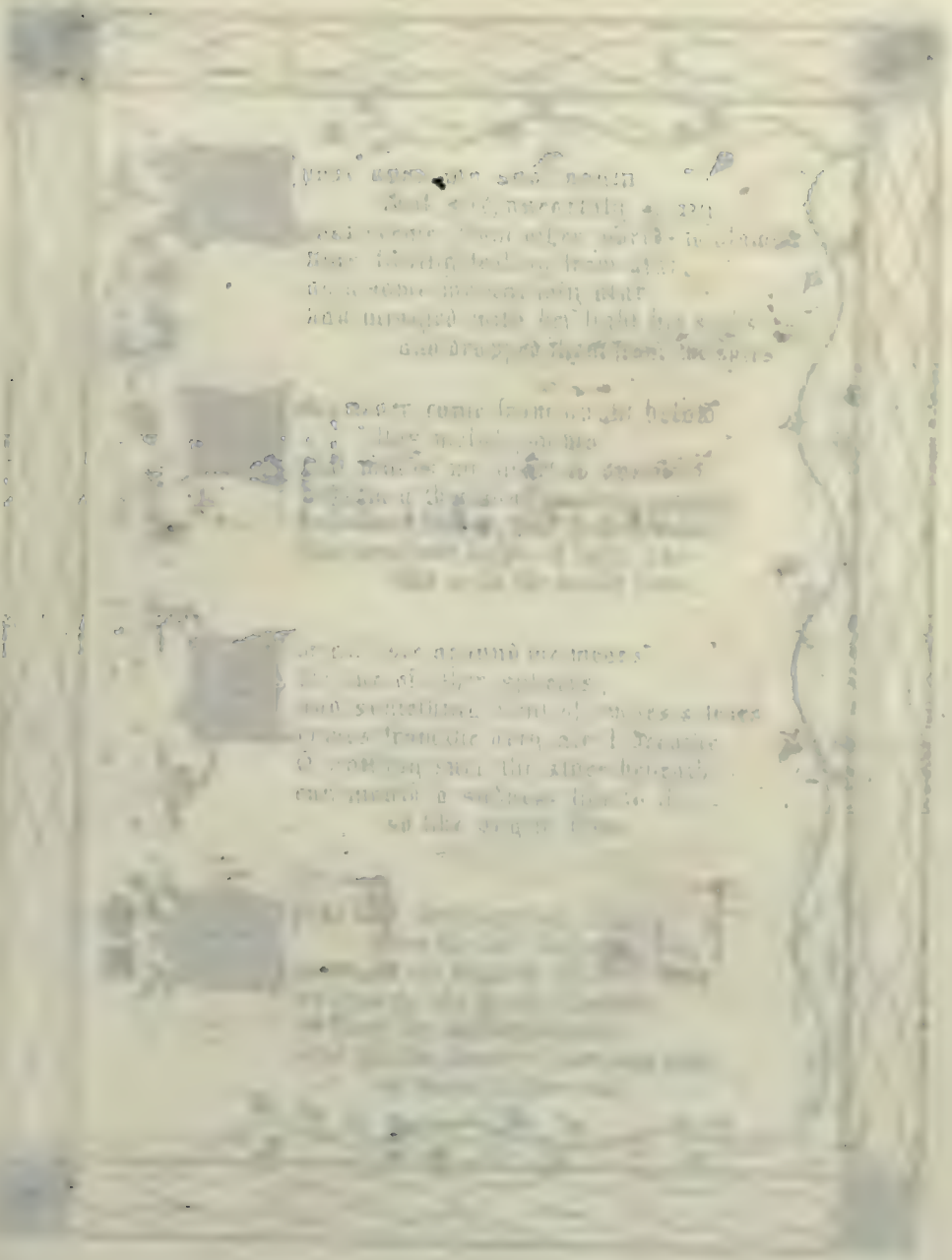
"Forever-never!
Never-forever!"

Never here, forever there,
where all parting, pain, and care,
and death and time shall disappear,
forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
sayeth this incessantly

"Forever-never!
Never-forever!"

Lith. of A. Brett Agent Phila E. Robyn fcl

Lith of A.Brett Phil.ª



O, pour upon my soul again
that sad, unearthly strain,
that seems from other worlds to plain;
thus falling, falling from afar,
as if some melancholy star
had mingled with her light her sighs,
and draped them from the skies.

No – never came from aught below
this melody of wo,
that makes my heart to overflow
as from a thousand gushing springs
unknown before; that with it brings
this nameless light – if light it be –
that veils the world I see.

For all I see around me wears
the hue of other spheres;
and something blent of smiles & tears
comes from the very air I breathe.
O, nothing sure, the stars beneath,
can mould a sadness like to this –
so like angelic bliss.

So, at that dreamy hour of day
when the last lingering ray
stops on the highest cloud to play
so thought the gentle Rosalie
as from her maiden reverie
first fell the strain of him who stole
in music to her soul.

Lith. of A. Brett Phª

Twilight.

by

Park Benjamin.

Calm twilight! in thy mild and silent time,
when summer flowers their perfume shed around,
and nought save the deep, solitary sound
Of some far bell, is heard, with solemn chime
Tolling for vespers, or the evening bird
Pouring sweet music o'er the woodland glade,
As if to viewless sprites and fairies played,
Who join in dances when the strain is heard:
Then thoughts of those belov'd and dearest come
Like sweetest hue upon the shadow'd wave
And joys which blossom'd in the bowers of home
The dews of memory with freshness lave
O! that my last daybeam of life would shine,
Serenely beautiful, calm hour, as thine.

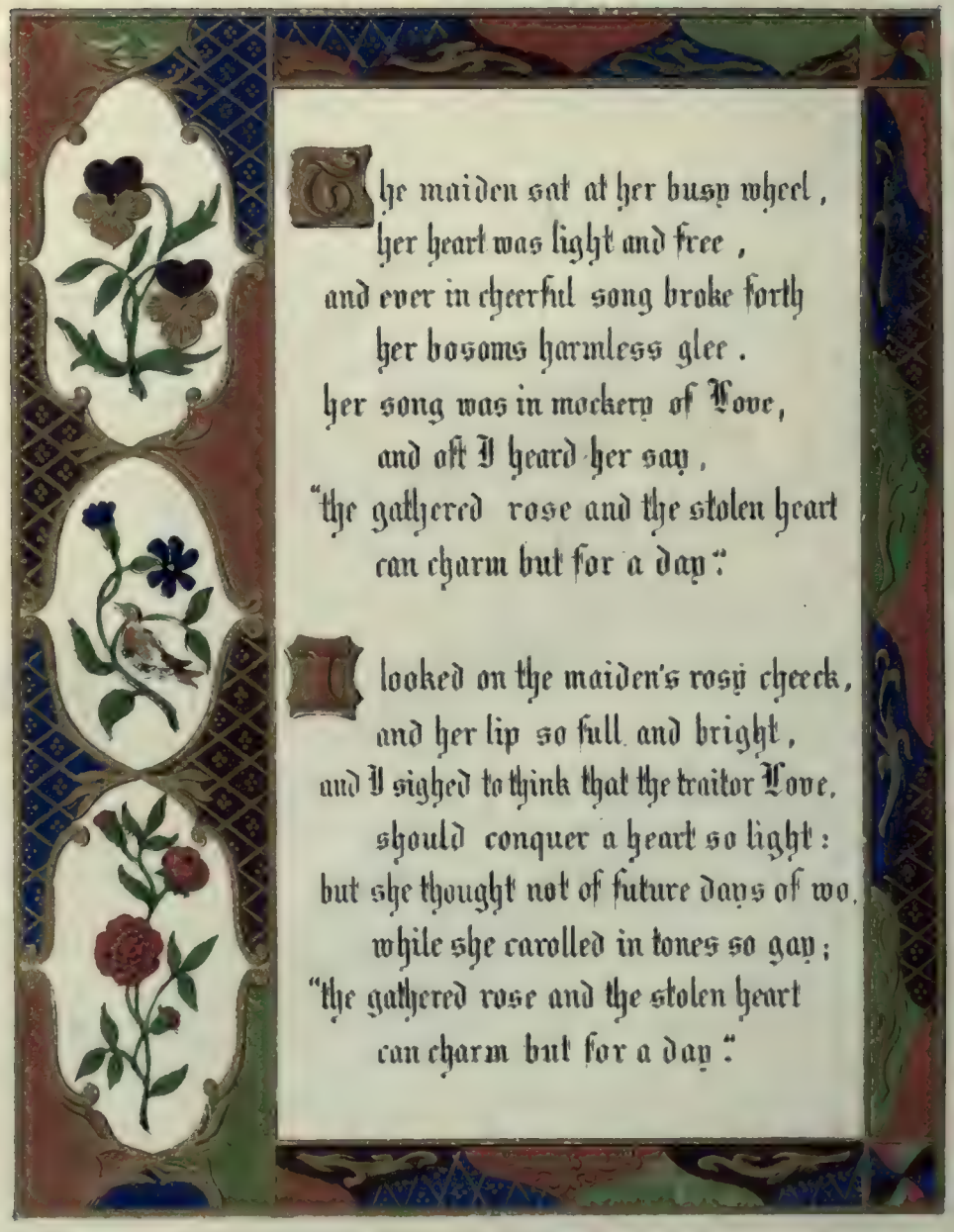
Lith. of A Brett Phil.ª

Twilight

Bird Migration

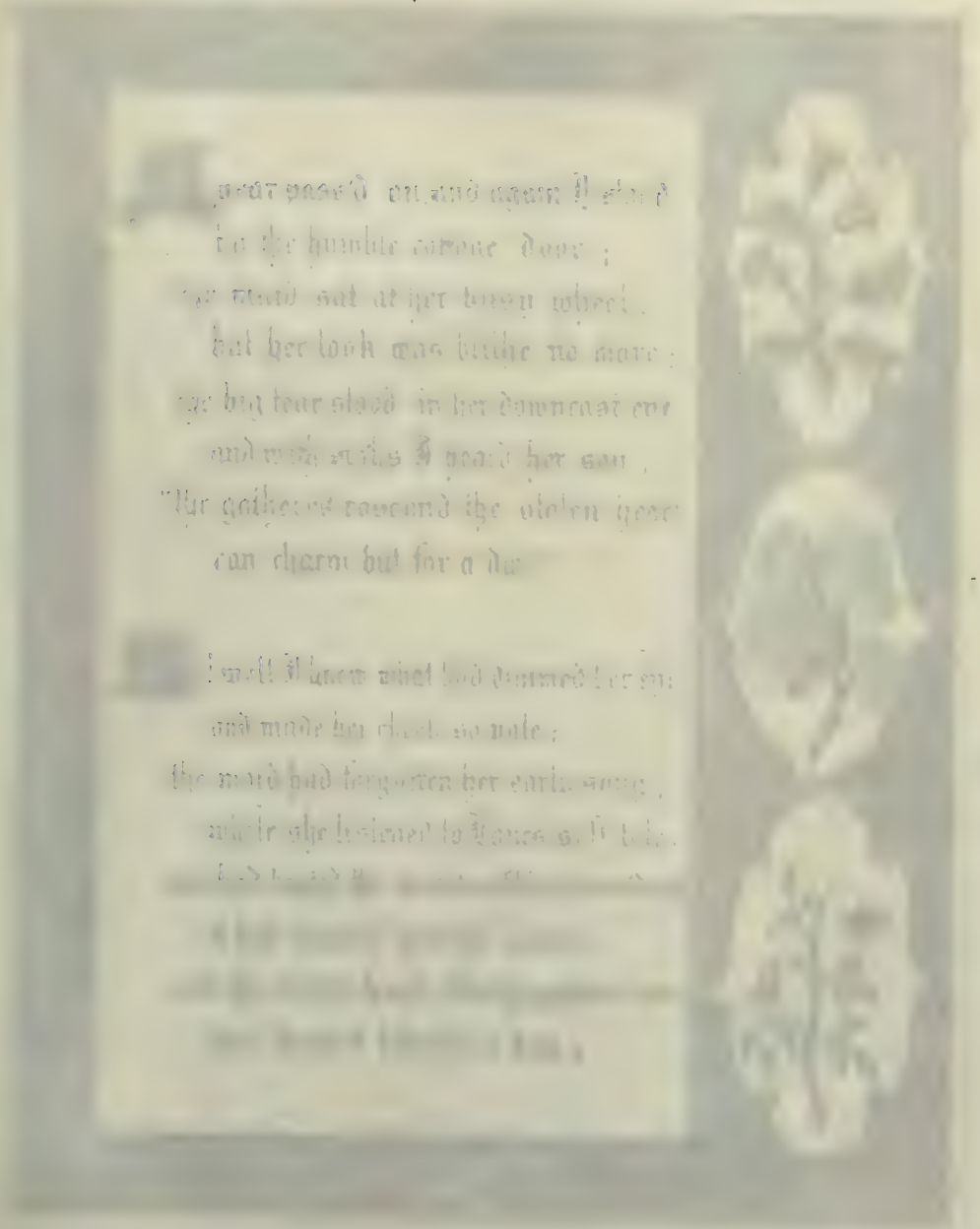
Ballad.

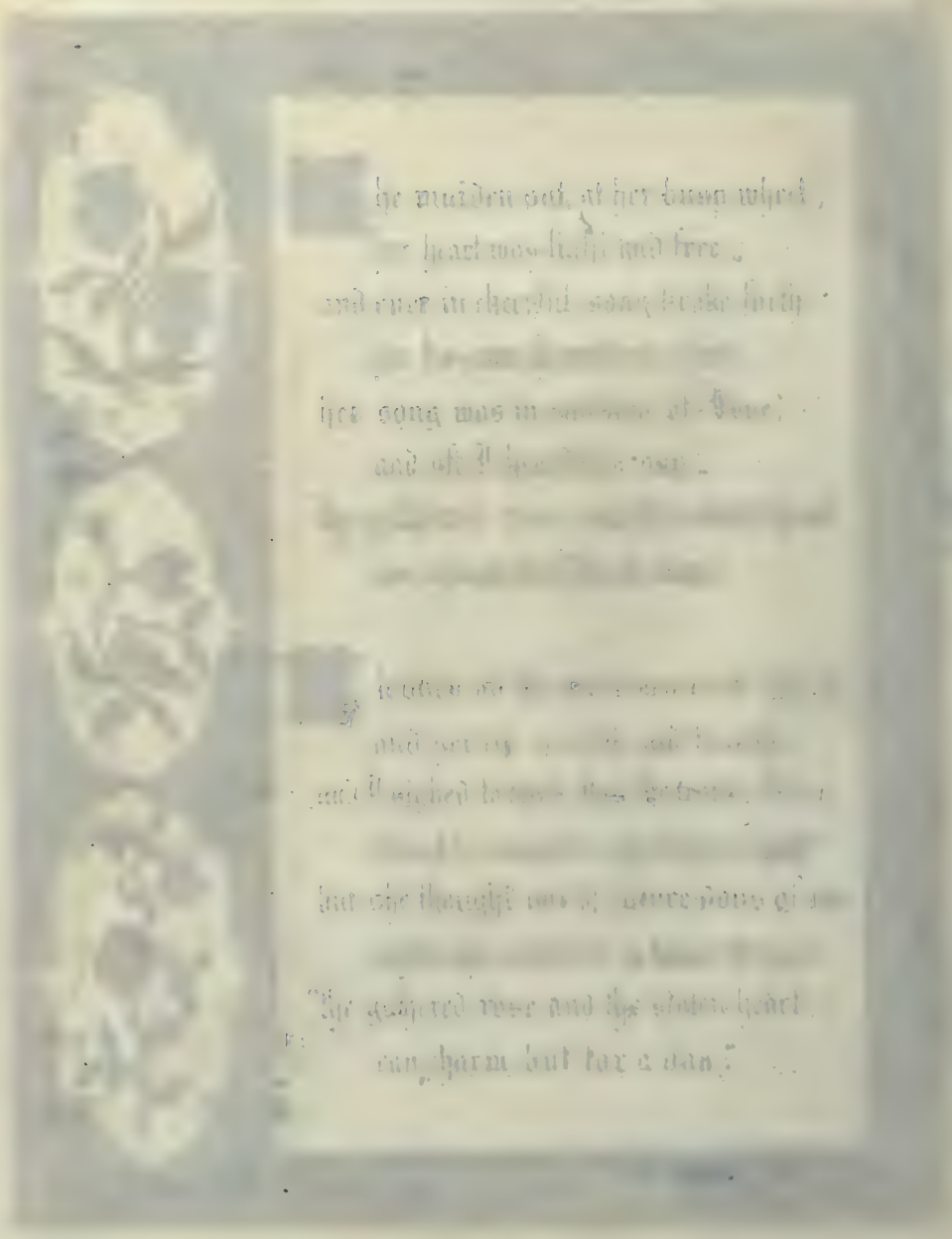
Emma C. Embury



The maiden sat at her busy wheel,
her heart was light and free,
and ever in cheerful song broke forth
her bosoms harmless glee.
her song was in mockery of Love,
and oft I heard her say,
"the gathered rose and the stolen heart
can charm but for a day."

I looked on the maiden's rosy cheeck,
and her lip so full and bright,
and I sighed to think that the traitor Love,
should conquer a heart so light:
but she thought not of future days of wo,
while she carolled in tones so gay;
"the gathered rose and the stolen heart
can charm but for a day."





A year pass'd on, and again I stood
by the humble cottage door;
the maid sat at her busy wheel,
but her look was blithe no more;
the big tear stood in her downcast eye,
and with sighs I heard her say,
"the gathered rose and the stolen heart
can charm but for a day."

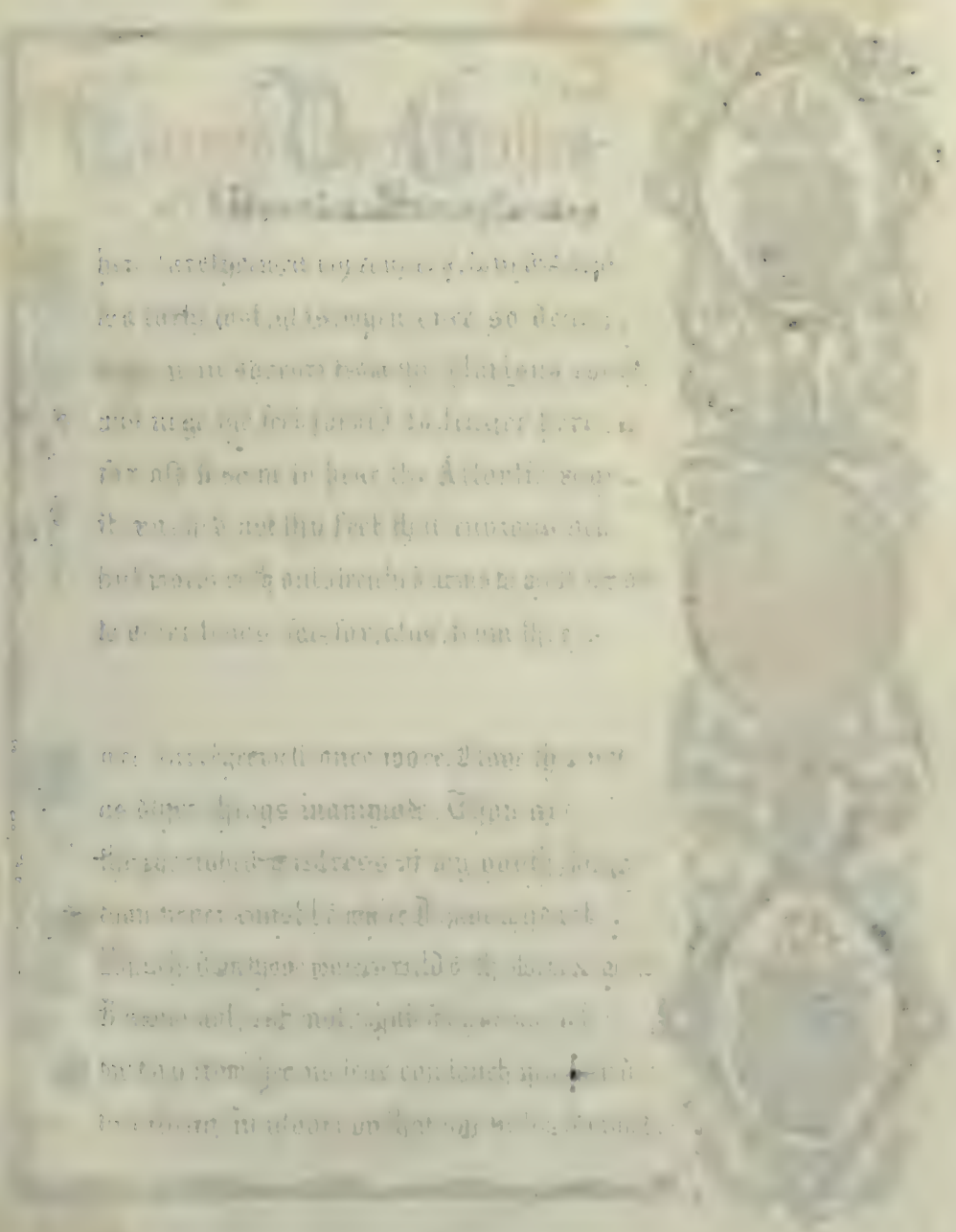
O! well I knew what had dimmed her eye,
and made her cheek so pale;
the maid had forgotten her early song,
while she listened to Loves soft tale.
she had tasted the sweets of his poison'd cup,
it had wasted her life away:
and the stolen heart, like the gatherd rose
had charm'd but for a day.

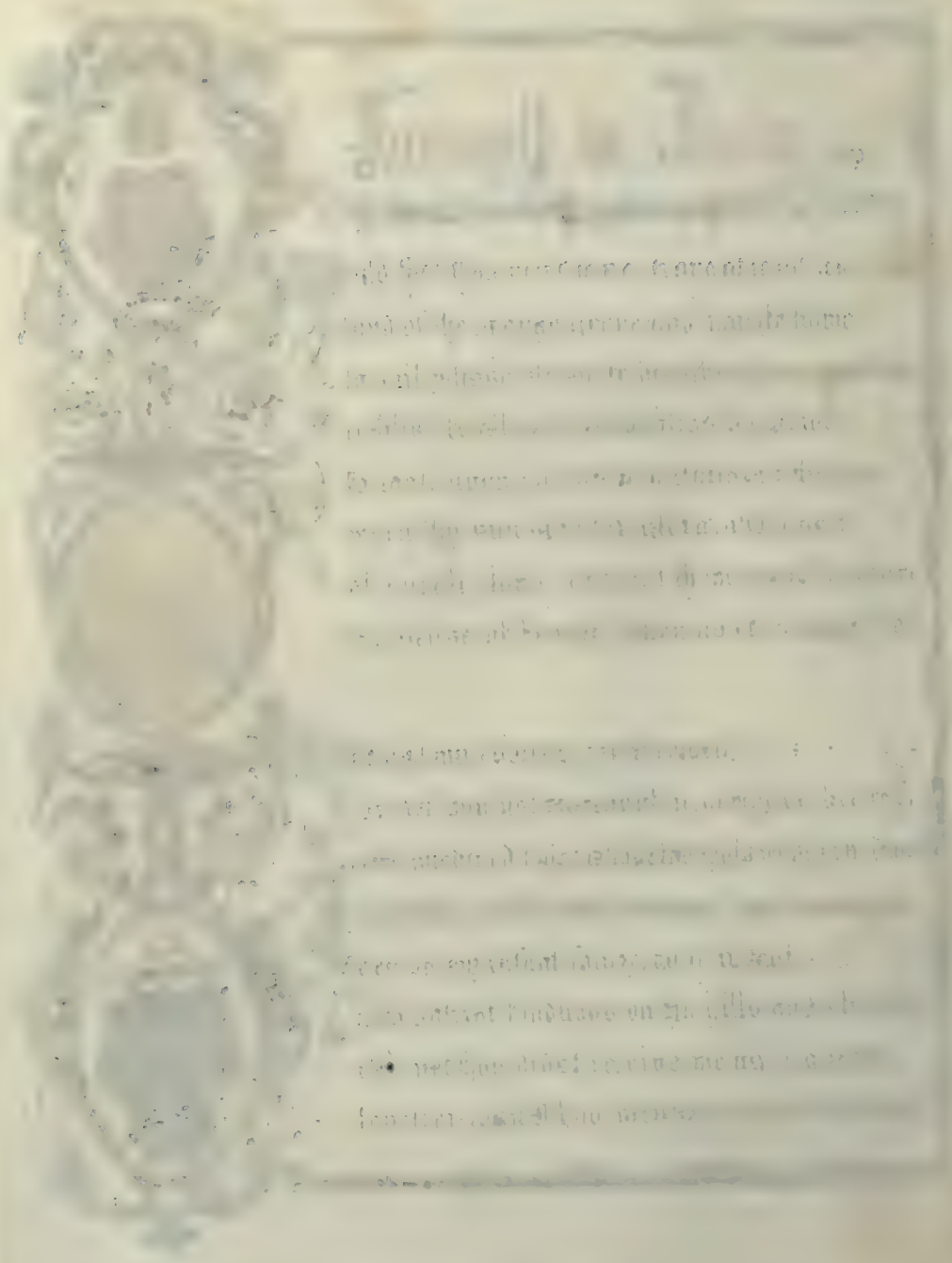
Farewell to Italy, by

Deh! fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte - Filicaia

Would that thou wert more strong, at least, less fair
land of the orange grove and myrtle bower!
to hail whose strand, to breathe whose genial air
is bliss to all who feel of bliss the power;
to look upon whose mountains in the hour
when thy sun sinks in glory, and a veil
of purple flows around them, would restore
the sense of beauty when all else might fail,

Italy! my country, farethee well!
for art thou not my country, at whose breast
were nurtured those whose thoughts within me dwell
the fathers of my mind? whose fame impress'd
e'en on my infant fancy, bade it rest
with patriot fondness on thy hills and streams,
e'er yet thou didst receive me as a guest,
lovelier than I had seen thee in my dreams!





Edmund Dorr Griffin

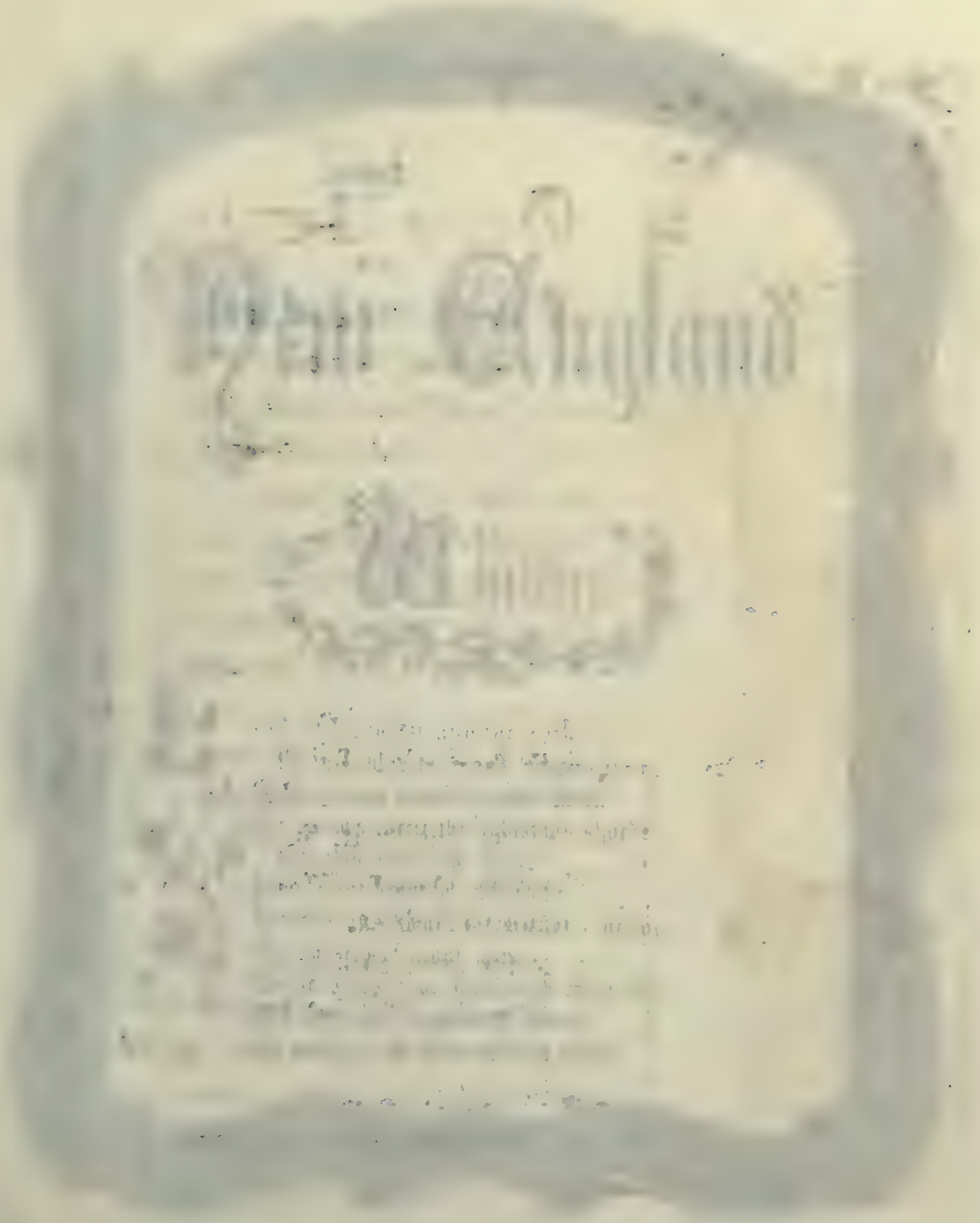
of Wyoming Pennsylvania

When farethee well my country, loved & lost
too early lost, alas! when once so dear;
I turn in sorrow from thy glorious coast,
and urge the feet forbid to linger here.
for off I seem to hear the Atlantic roar—
it washes not thy feet that envious sea,
but waits with outstretched arms to waft me o'er
to other lands, far, far, alas, from thee.

are farethee well once more. I love thee not
as other things inanimate. Thou art
the cherished mistress of my youth; forgot
thou never canst be while I have a heart.
Launched on those waters wild with storm & wind,
I know not, ask not, what may be my lot;
for torn from thee, no fear can touch my mind,
brooding in gloom on that one bitter thought.

Extract from Marco Bozzaris. by Fit-Greene Halleck.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mothers, when she feels
For the first time, her firstborns breath
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke,
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm,
Come when the heart beats high & warm,
With banquet song and dance and wine,
And thou art terrible — the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony are thine.
But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.



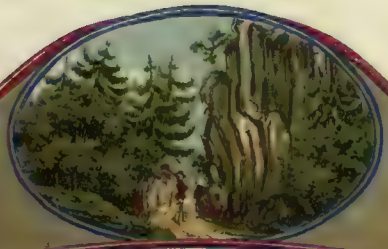
New England

Whittier.

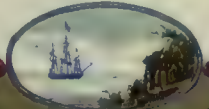
Land of the forest and the rock—
Of dark blue lake and mighty river—
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightnings shock—
My own green land forever!
Land of the beautiful and brave—
The freeman's home—the martyr's grave—
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have linked with every glen,
And every hill and every stream,
The romance of some warrior dream,

O! never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood like a dream of love,
The stream beneath the greenhill flowing,
The broad-armed trees above it growing,
The clear breeze through the foliage blowing;
Or hear unmoved the taunt of scorn
Breathed o'er the brave New England born;
Or mark the strangers iagner hand
Disturb the ashes of thy dead,
The buried glory of a land
Whose soil with noble blood is red
And sanctified in every part,—
Nor feel resentment, like a brand,
Unsheathing from his fiery heart!

O! greener hills may catch the sun
Beneath the glorious heaven of France,
And streams rejoicing as thy run
Like life beneath the daybeams glance.
May wander where the orange bough
With golden fruit is bending low
And there may bend a brighter sky
O'er green and classic Italy—



And pillar'd fane and ancient grave
Bear record of another time,
And over shaft and architrave
The green luxuriant ivy climb;
And far toward the rising sun
The palm may shake its leaves on high,
Where flowers are opening one by one,
Like stars upon the twilight sky;
And breezes soft as sighs of love
Above the broad banana stray
And through the Brahmins sacred grove
A thousand bright-hued pinions play!
Yet unto thee, New England, still
Thy wandering sons shall stretch their arms
And thy rude chart of rock and hill
Seem dearer than the land of palms
The massy oak and mountain pines
More welcome than the banyan shade
And every free, blue stream of thine
Seem richer than the golden bed
Of oriental waves, which glow
And sparkle with the wealth below.



Reverie at Glenmary

N. P. Willis

I have enough, O God! My heart tonight
Runs over with its fulness of content,
And as I look out on the fragrant stars,
And from the beauty of the night take in
My priceless portion — yet myself no more
Than in the universe a grain of sand —
I feel his glory who could make a world,
Yet in the lost depths of the wilderness
Leave not a flower unfinished!

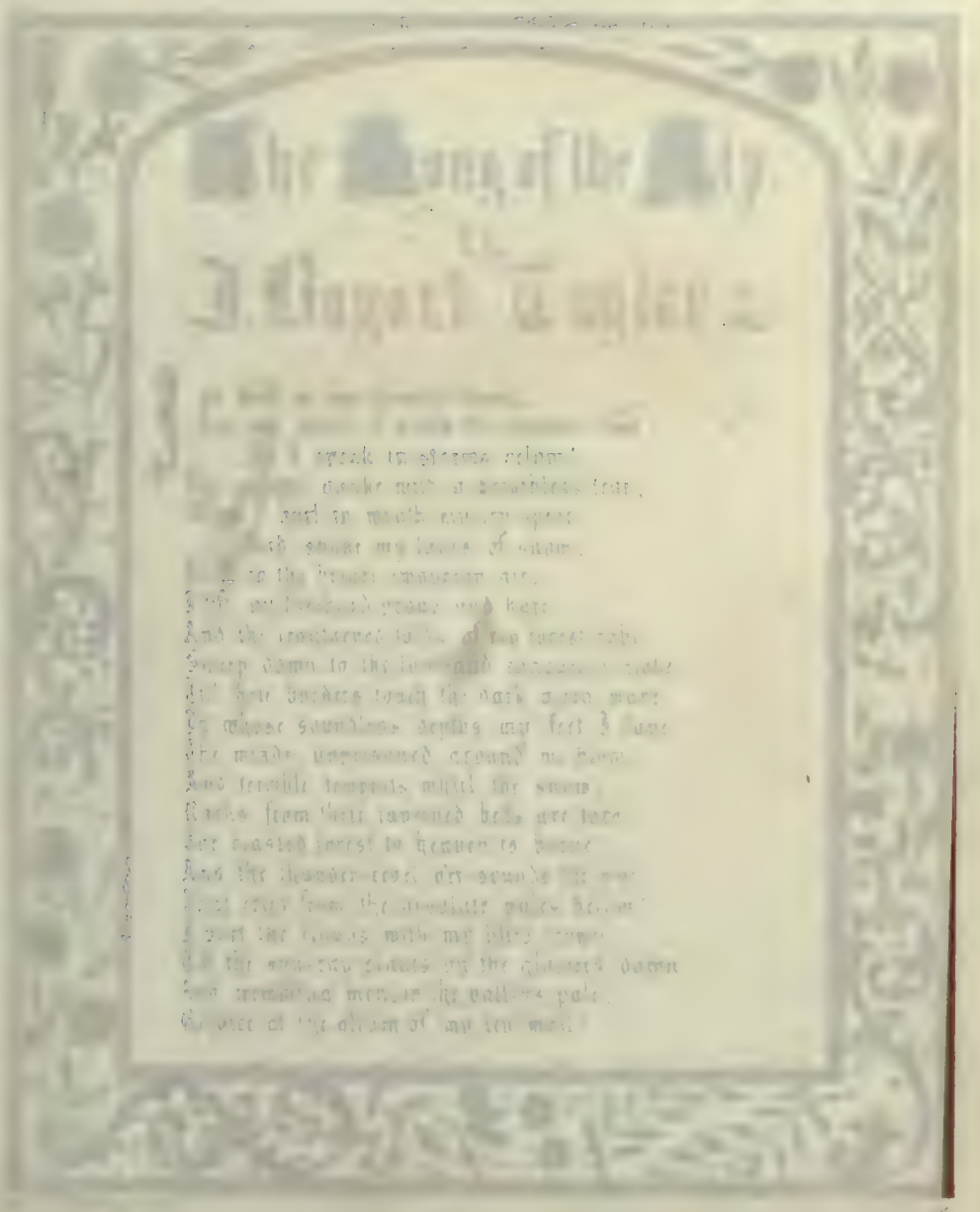
Rich though poor!
My low roofed cottage is this hour a heaven.
Music is in it – and the song she sings,
That sweet-voiced wife of mine, arrests the ear
Of my young child awake upon her knee;
And, with his calm eyes on his master's face,
My noble hound lies couchant – and all here –
All in this little home, yet boundless heaven –
Are in such love as I have power to give
Blessed to overflowing.

Thou, who lookest
Upon my brimming heart this tranquil eve,
Knowest its fulness, as thou dost the dew
Sent to the hidden violet by Thee,
And as that flower from its unseen abode
Sends its sweet breath up, duly, to the sky,
Changing its gift to incense, so, oh God,
May the sweet drops that to my humble cup
Find their far way from heaven, send up to Thee
Fragrance at thy throne welcome!

Night.

James. G. Percival.

Am I not all alone? The world is still
In passionless slumber_ not a tree but feels
The far-pervading hush, and softer steals
The misty river by_ yon broad bare hill
Looks coldly up to heaven, and all the stars
Seem eyes deep fix'd in silence, as if bound
By some unearthly spell_ no orther sound
But the owls unfrequent moan_ their airy cars
The winds have stationed on the mountain peaks.
Am I not all alone? A spirit speaks
From the abyss of night, "Not all alone_
Nature is round thee with her banded powers,
And ancient genius haunts thee in these hours_
Mind and its kingdom now are all thy own



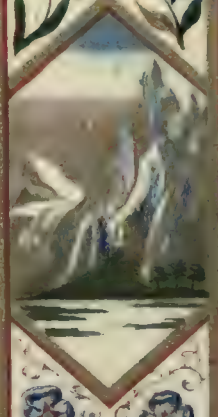
The Song of the Alp.

by

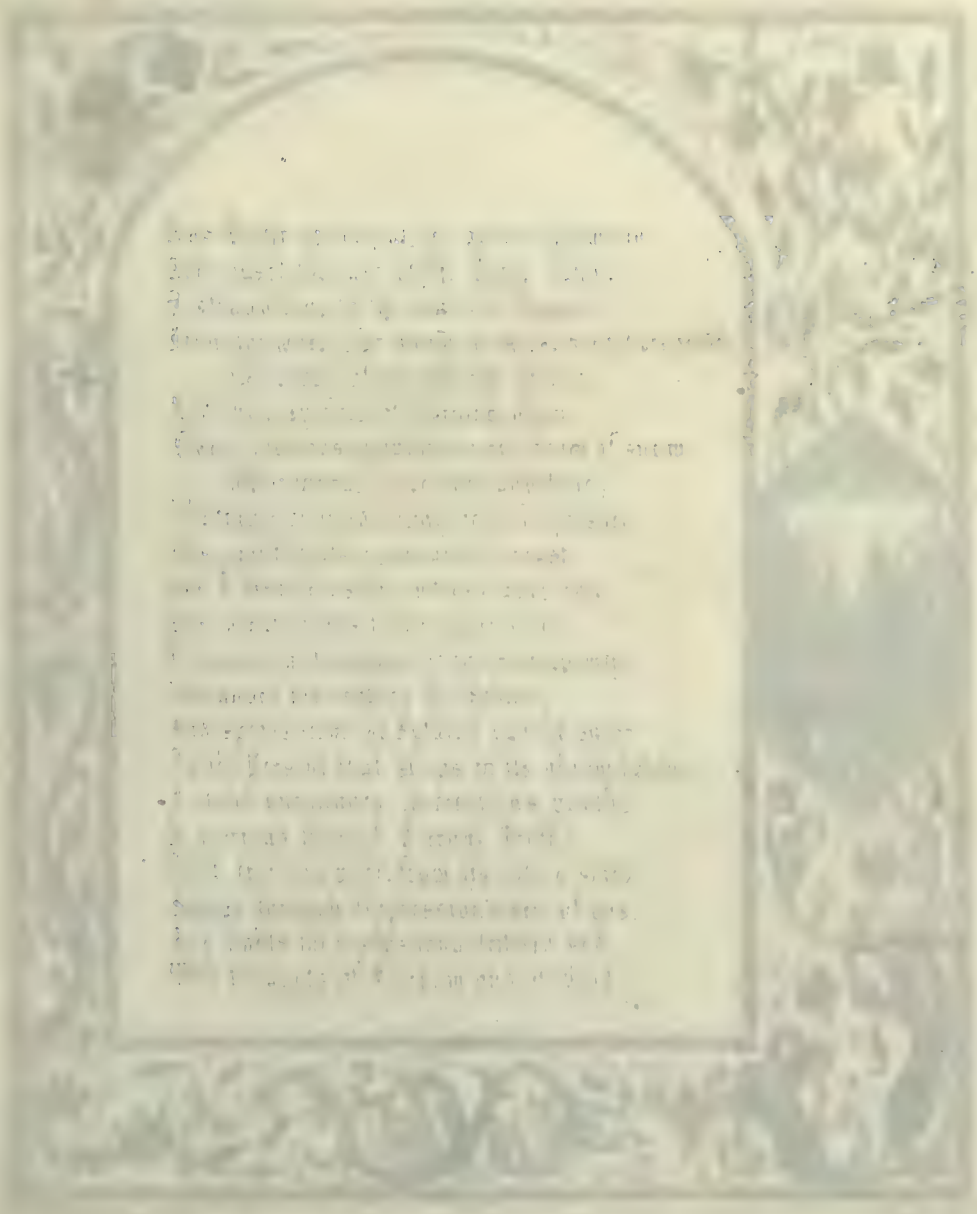
J. Bayard Taylor

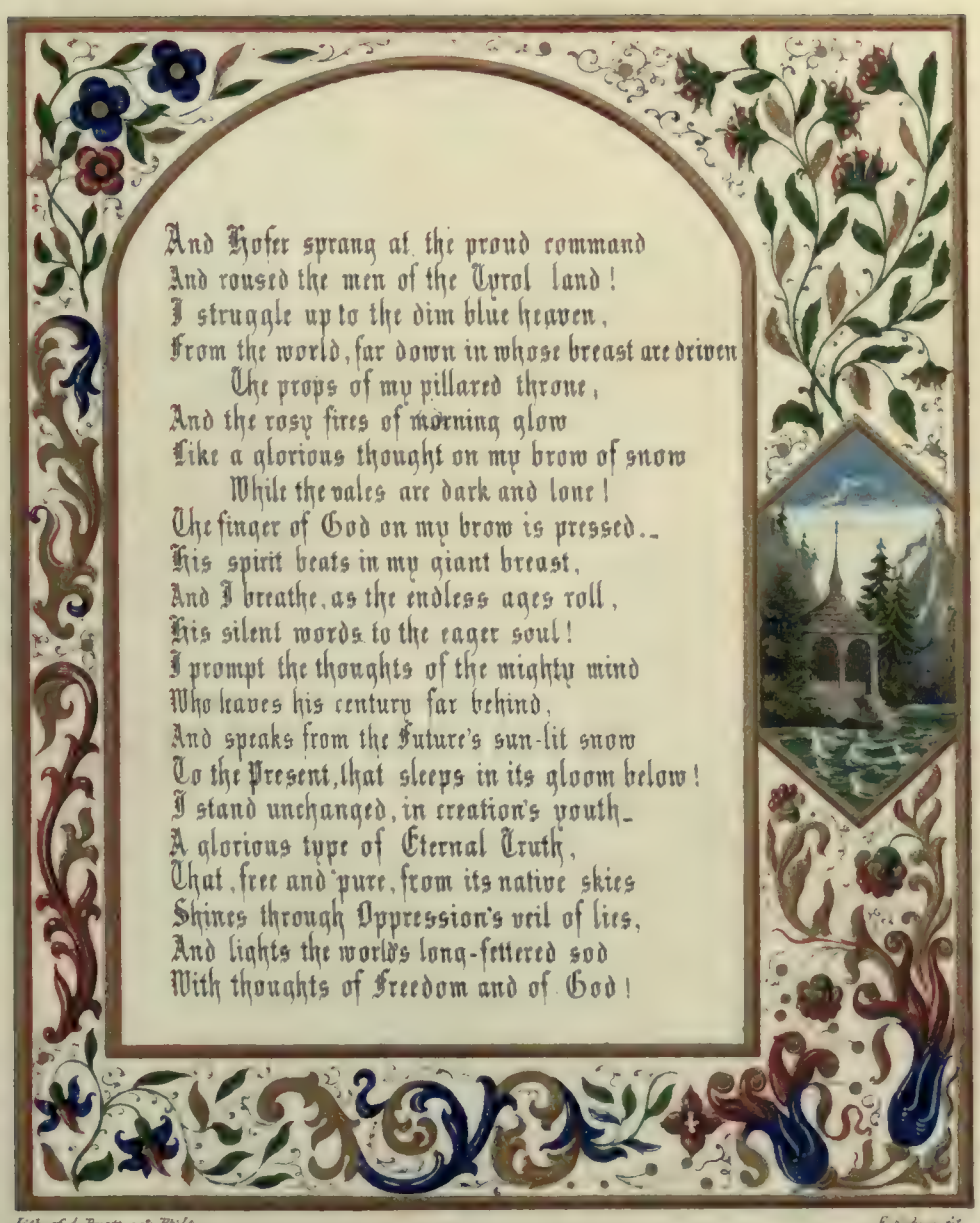
I sit aloft on my thunder throne,
And my voice of dread the nations own
As I speak in storms below!
The valleys quake with a breathless fear,
When I hurl in wrath my icy spear
And shake my locks of snow!
Aloft, in the bright empyrean air,
I lift my forehead proud and bare,
And the lengthened folds of my forest-robe
Sweep down to the low and conquered globe,
Till their borders touch the dark green wave
In whose soundless depths my feet I lave.
The winds, unprisoned, around me blow,
And terrible tempests whirl the snow,
Rocks from their caverned beds are torn,
The blasted forest to heaven is borne,
And the thunder-revel o'er-sounds the woe
That cries from the desolate vales below!
I part the clouds with my lifted crown,
Till the sun-ray slants on the glaciers down,
And trembling men, in the valleys pale,
Rejoice at the gleam of my icy mail!

Lith. of A Brett agt Phila



I wear a crown of the sunbeam's gold,
With glacier-gems on my forehead old—
A monarch crowned by God!
And bounded by heaven's eternal walls
In the mighty realm where my shadow falls,
By the feet of centuries trod!
I know of a nobler and grander lore
Than Time records on his crumbling pages,
And the soul of my solitude teaches more
Than the gather'd deeds of perished ages!
For I have ruled since Time began,
And wear no fetter made by man.
I shout aloud to the chainless skies;
The stream through its falling foam replies,
And my voice, like the sound of the surging sea,
To the nations thunders: "I am free"!
From Uris peak my summons fell,
And an echo leaped from the heart of Tell;
The student-boy on the Gmunden-plain
Heard my solemn voice, but he fought in vain;
I called from the crags of the Passeir-Glen,
When the despot stood in my realm again.





And Hofer sprang at the proud command
And roused the men of the Tyrol land!
I struggle up to the dim blue heaven,
From the world, far down in whose breast are driven
The props of my pillared throne,
And the rosy fires of morning glow
Like a glorious thought on my brow of snow
While the vales are dark and lone!
The finger of God on my brow is pressed.-
His spirit beats in my giant breast,
And I breathe, as the endless ages roll,
His silent words to the eager soul!
I prompt the thoughts of the mighty mind
Who leaves his century far behind,
And speaks from the Future's sun-lit snow
To the Present, that sleeps in its gloom below!
I stand unchanged, in creation's youth-
A glorious type of Eternal Truth,
That, free and pure, from its native skies
Shines through Oppression's veil of lies,
And lights the world's long-fettered sod
With thoughts of Freedom and of God!

Lith. of A. Brett, ag.e Phil.a

To a Waterfowl.

Bryant.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way!

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

Lith. of J. Smith, 29 Pall Mall

E. Robyn fec.

There is a power, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast –
The desert and illimitable air –
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summerhome & rest
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form, yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides thro' the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will guide my steps aright.

Music
by
Fitz Greene Halleck

To a boy of four years old, on hearing him play on the harp.

Sweet boy! before thy lips can learn
in speech thy wishes to make known,
are thoughts that breathe and words that burn
heard in thy music's tone.

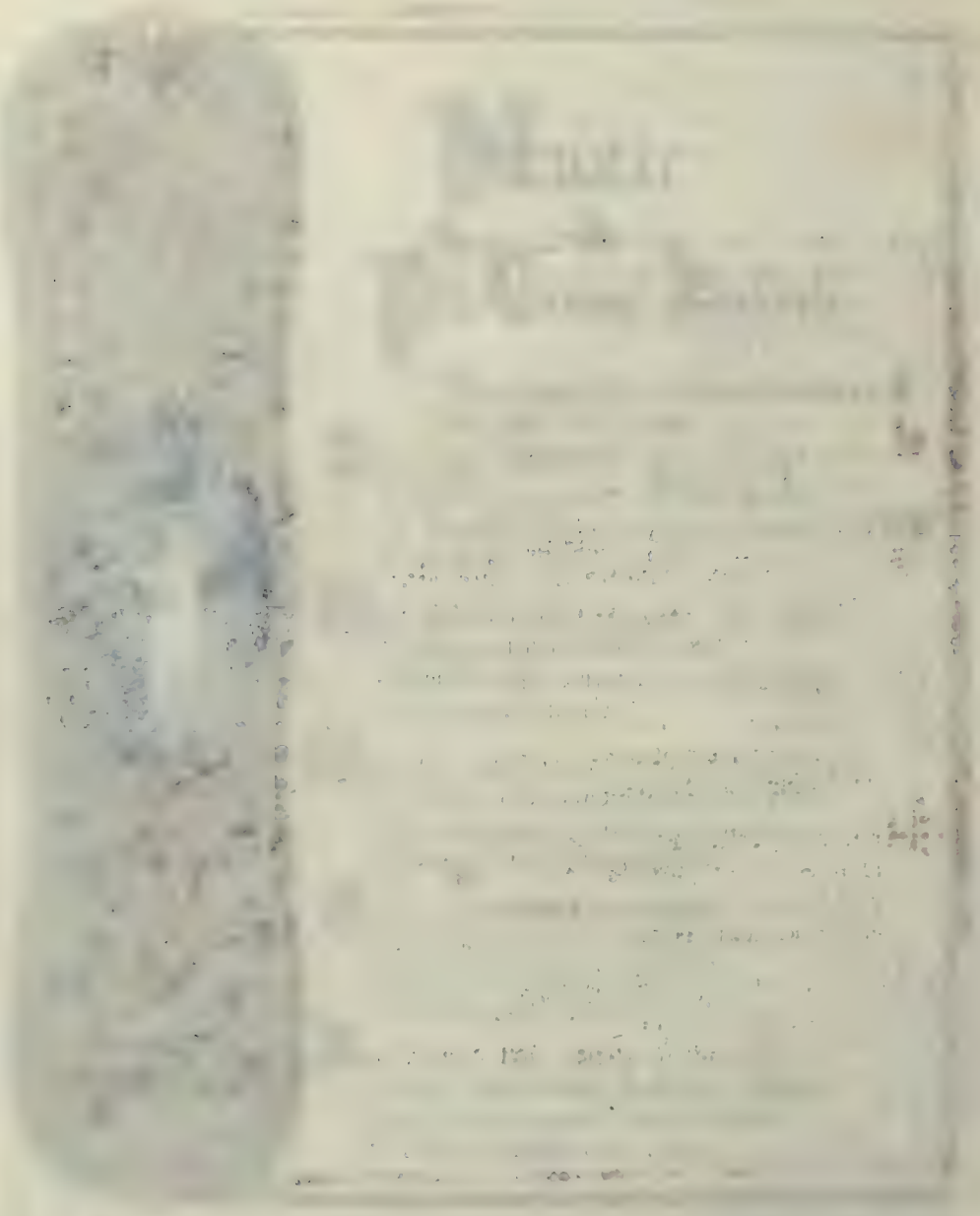
Were genius tasked to prove the might,
the magic of her hidden spell,
she well might name thee with delight
as her own miracle.

Who that hath heard, from summer trees,
the sweet wild song of summer birds,
when morning to the far-off breeze
whispers her bidding words.

Or listened to the bird of night,
the minstrel of the starlight hours,
companion of the firefly's flight,
cool dews, and closed flowers;

But deemed that spirits of the air
had left their native homes in heaven,
and that the music warbled there
to earth a while was given?

Muringer ft. Lith of A. Brett, Agt. Phil.



For with that music came the thought
that life's young purity was theirs,
and love, all artless and untaught,
breathed in their woodland airs.

And when, sweet boy! thy baby fingers
wake sounds of heaven's own harmony,
how welcome is the thought that lingers
upon thy lyre and thee!

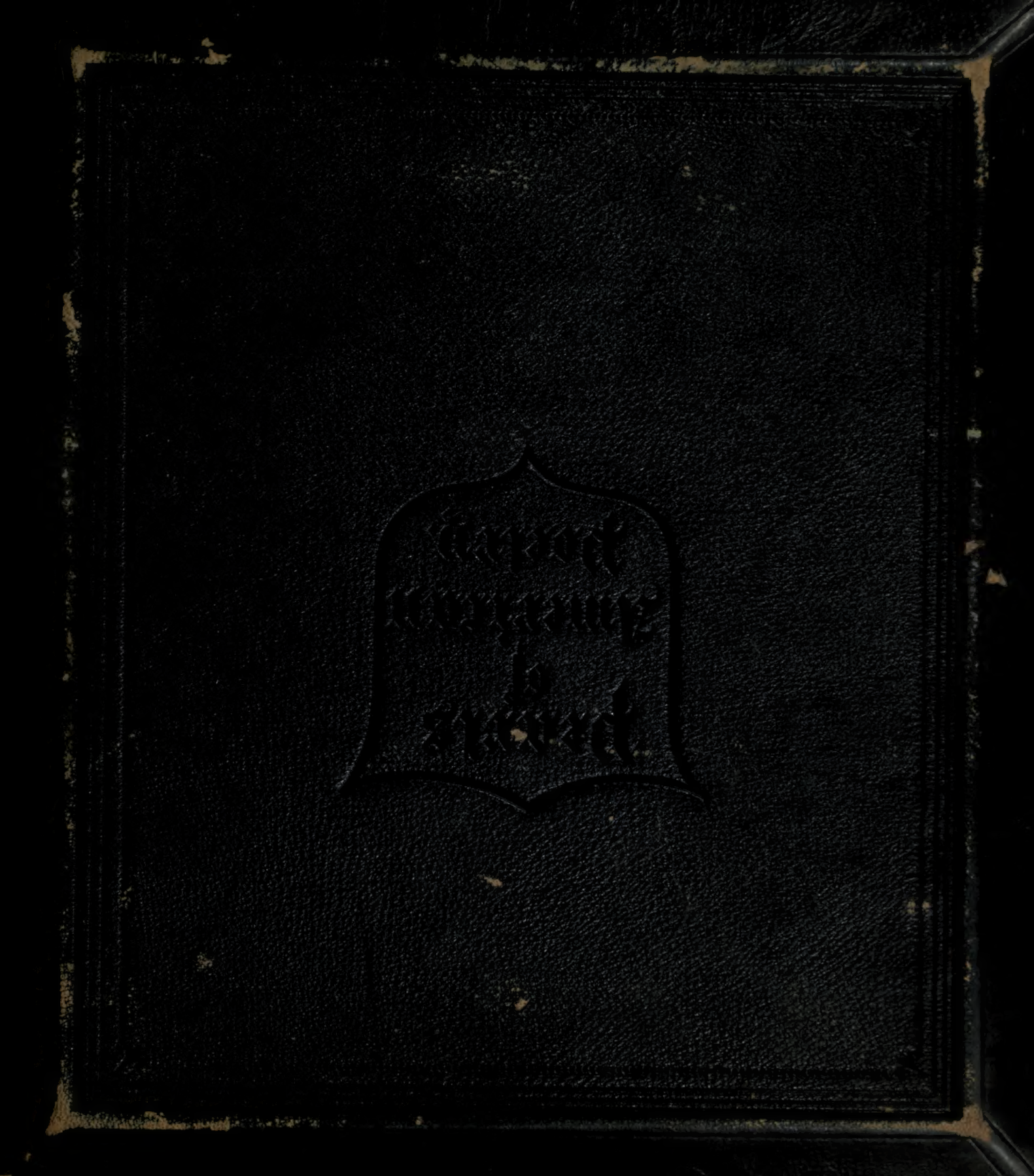
It calls up visions of past days,
when life was infancy and song
to us, and old remembered lays,
unheard, unheeded long;

Revive in joy or grief within us,
like lost friends wakened from their sleep
with all their early power to win us,
alike to smile or weep.

And when we gaze upon that face,
blooming in innocence and truth,
and mark its dimpled artlessness,
its beauty and its youth;

We think of better worlds than this,
of other beings pure as thou,
who breathe, on winds of Paradise,
music as thine is now.

And know the only emblem meet
of that pure faith the heart adores,
to be a child like thee, whose feet
are strangers on life's shores.

Mininger f.

Lith. of A. Brett, Ag't Phil.